

THE American Girl

JULY 1948

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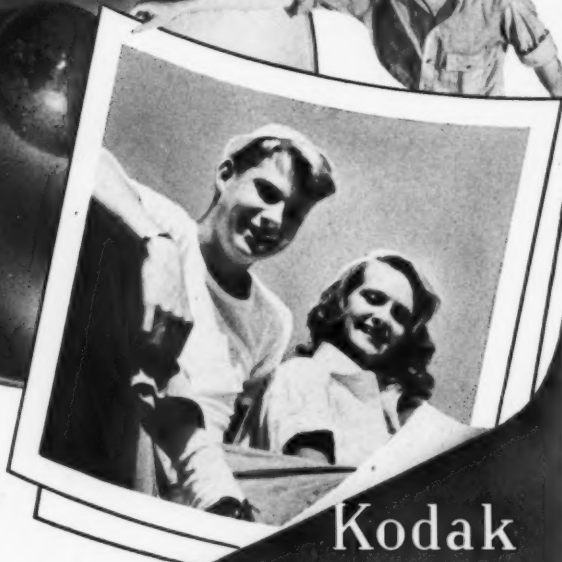
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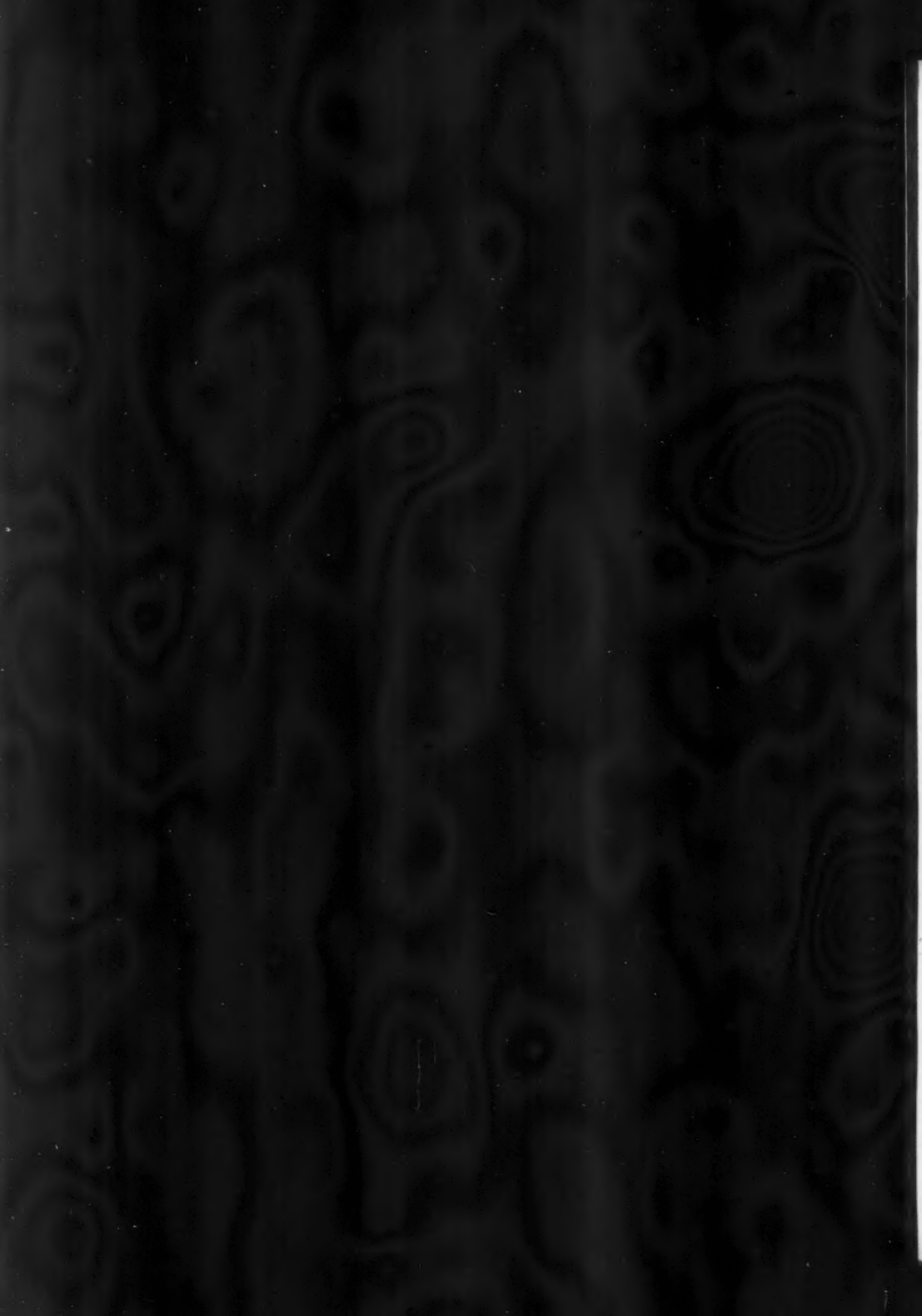
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THE American Girl

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VOLUME XXXI

Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations

NUMBER VII



Here is the fast, pleasant way to make EXTRA CASH for YOURSELF... your school... your athletic team... your Sunday School or for any club you belong to. Take orders for these lovely, Christmas and Everyday Cards... in beautiful boxed Assortments to sell for only \$1.00. You'll make amazing profits... real cash—every time you show the samples we send you on approval.

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HOLIDAY FUN-FARE... A 4TH OF JULY

Beach-Bake

WHERE THE GANG KEEPS COOL

AND THE FOOD GETS ROASTED!



YOU'LL MAKE A SPLASH with this party even if there's nothing wetter in your vicinity than a wading pool! The crowd—and the campfire cookery—is what counts. Start your fire first thing... hot coals with no smoke or flames is the secret of good outdoor cooking.

ON THE TARGET... Give a 4th of July twist to the game of darts by making your own red, white and blue pinwheel target. Choose sides and average scores for the winning team. *Prize idea:* Give winners first chance at the Kabobs while the losers feed 'em and weep.



COOK OF THE MONTH...
that's you for sure if you make the Kabobs with Swift's Premium *tender* Franks. Here's how: Thread small salted tomatoes, onions, Swift's Premium Franks alternately on long sticks. Rotate over coals till browned. Put pieces between bread slices or buns.

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Swift's Premium *tender* Franks are made fresh daily in our kitchens from coast to coast. They're all "dinner quality" meat—tender beef, juicy pork—not a bite of waste. And now they're flavor-protected...

IN THE NEW CELLOPHANE-WRAP PACK



Swift's Premium *tender* Franks

LISTEN TO ARCHIE ANDREWS ON NBC SATURDAYS, 10:30 A.M. NEW YORK TIME

Caricature

by ERNIE RYDBERG

FOR years I'd been reading in the papers about people being held up and houses being ransacked. But did anything as exciting as that ever happen to me or to anyone I knew? No. Never once had I seen a thug or stick-up man and known he was one. I had come to the conclusion that either my friends and I led a charmed life, or we weren't normal. And then, right out of the blue, I was involved in a bank robbery.

Kitty Monahan and I were in the little branch bank just off the campus at State. It was closing time, and there were only three or four other customers at the windows. The porter had pulled down the front shades, and was standing by the door, ready to lock it.

I'm not sure just what happened. The first thing I knew the porter was walking backward with his hands in

There sat Kitty, sketching on a paper towel! She glanced up, a terrified look on her face



the air, and another man, with a gun in his hand, was locking the door from the inside.

"Okay," he snapped. "This is a stick-up. Get your hands in the air. Keep 'em there and nobody'll get hurt."

Did I say "involved"? Well, that's exactly what I meant, but it requires a bit of explaining.

Something about Kitty Monahan had bothered me the first time I saw her, one day in the library. It wasn't her clothes. They were a little on the plain side, but not outstandingly so. It wasn't her hairdo. She had naturally wavy black hair. Later I noticed that she seemed friendly enough, and that her voice was soft and nice. But that afternoon, as she sat scribbling furiously, as if final exams were coming up next day, she sure had me bothered.

I'd seen her around the campus any number of times after that. We'd say "Hello" when we passed, but I never really talked to her until one afternoon about six weeks ago, when we tried out for positions on the freshman girls' basketball team.

I arrived early, for once. When I came into the locker room I saw Miss Humbolt, our physical-ed teacher, busy at the blackboard, and thought she was the only one there. Then I saw Kitty sitting on a bench in front of the lockers.

Whenever there's something about a person which bothers me, I feel uncomfortable around them. That's the way I felt about Kitty Monahan, and my first reaction was to avoid her. Then suddenly I decided to go over and talk to her. She didn't hear me coming because of my sneakers. She had a paper towel spread out on the bench beside her, and with quick strokes she was sketching a picture with a lipstick. I only caught a glimpse of it, but there was no mistaking Miss Humbolt.

Miss Humbolt is nice, but I understand on good authority that she tips the scales at slightly over two hundred—and she isn't fat. Her biceps ripple like a lumberjack's, and her shoulders are broader than State's All-American football center's.

Kitty glanced up and as quick as a flash, crumpled the

"What I can't understand," I went on, "is why the art department hasn't spotted you"

Illustrated by PAUL C. BURNS



paper. There was a scared look in her big black eyes. "So you're the one!" I gasped. "Shhh!" hissed Kitty. "You won't tell, will you?" she whispered pleadingly.

"Of course I won't tell!" I answered indignantly. "And that's a promise. Here, let me see."

As I straightened out the paper, I could feel a grin creeping over my face. It was Miss Humbolt, all right. Just a bunch of scraggly lines that didn't seem to go anywhere, but there she was—all mixed up in tremendous shoulders and muscles twice as big as life.

Just then some more girls came in and the teacher called to us, so I folded up the paper and gave it back to Kitty. I was so excited that I couldn't pay attention to anything Miss Humbolt was saying. Kitty—State's mystery artist! I could hardly believe it.

It had started in February with the Freshman Hi-Jinks in the gym. The most hilarious thing about the party was the decorations—life-sized pictures of school celebs tacked all over the walls. Prexy. Dean of Men. Dean of Women. Professors. Glamour gals. Big-shot athletes. All of them done in scraggly lines, but you couldn't miss who they were. Weak chins were twice as weak. Flat chests were concave. Big noses put Durante to shame. We howled until we were almost sick.

Nobody knew who had done them. Nobody could find out—not even Prexy. Word got out that he had confiscated every one of them after the party—for evidence.

Our Prexy is a tall, gaunt man—very brilliant, and very stern. His Adam's apple has a way of driving up and down his throat like a piston whenever he gets up to make a speech. You can imagine what his picture looked like!

Well, he was hot on the trail. He found that the pictures had been blown up by an art studio downtown from small sketches which had been brought in by Joe Thomas, chairman of the decorations committee for the Hi-Jinks. Joe swore up and down that he didn't know who drew them—that he'd found them on

Kitty's evidence might help capture a dangerous criminal! But it could also kill every hope for her coveted career

a bench in front of the library. He stuck to his story, and got off with an hour and forty minutes lecture in Prexy's office. The trail seemed to have come to a dead end, and the culprit was still at large.

I came to as Miss Humbolt was reading off the list of players she had selected. Kitty was a forward on the first team, and I was to be a substitute guard. Then we scrimmaged a little. I was guarding Kitty, and I found her fast and slippery. As she caught the ball in scoring position, I blocked her. But to my amazement, the ball flew through the air and swished into the basket, while I stood there flat-footed!

All of a sudden, light dawned! Kitty was a southpaw. That's what had been bothering me—the way she had sat all hunched over in the library, scribbling her notes with her left hand. Of all the ridiculous things, I thought—to take a dislike to a person because she's left-handed. About as logical as a lot of opinions you form so blithely about people.

I dressed quickly and waited to walk home with Kitty. She didn't live in the dorm, but with an aunt in town. Her bedroom and her studio, complete with big window and all, were actually in the attic—but a charming one. Her pictures—water colors, oils, and charcoal sketches—were all wonderful, as far as I could judge. From then on we were inseparable.

"I started drawing when I was three," she told me one day. "A picture of my father. I guess it looked a little like Dad, for my folks were enthused, and as I grew up, gave me all the art I could get in our home town. They wanted to send me East this year, to Arts and Crafts College, but couldn't afford it."

"What I can't understand," I said, "is why someone in the art department here hasn't spotted you as the one who did those sketches. You'd think they must know your work by now."

"Those silly sketches!" she chuckled. "I've never done anything like that in class. They're just a habit of mine. For years I've carried a pad and pencil around with me, and the first thing I know—in the park, on the streetcar, anywhere—I'm sketching someone who interests me. But I'm certainly going to be careful about what I do with them from now on."

You see, the excitement over her pictures had flared up again. The sketch of Miss Humbolt, done in lipstick on a paper towel, had been found in a trash receptacle, stuck to a wad of chewing gum, by Freddie Davis who is working his way through school in "maintenance." The search was on again.

"Golly," moaned Kitty, "why wasn't I more careful?"

The basketball tournament moved on rapidly, and the freshmen beat the sophomores in the semifinals. I was thrilled, because I got into the game and won my freshman sweater.

It was a proud moment when Kitty and I, along with the others, marched up to get the blue sweaters with our class numerals stitched on the left pocket. It was hot as blazes when we came out of the Aud, but we put the sweaters on anyway.

"Jiminy!" exclaimed Kitty in dismay. "What time is it?"

"Quarter to three," I told her. "Why?"

"I have to get a cashier's check at the bank. Come on, perhaps we can make it."

Well, that's what we were doing in the bank that afternoon of the robbery. Kitty was about to fill out one of the bank forms, and I was standing at her elbow, trying to figure out how she managed to write upside down, when the man snapped, "Okay! This is a stick-up."

Up flew my hands. I was scared stiff. The teller

(Continued on page 28)

"is
ou"





"Jes' a minute," said Dodie, diving into her stocking

R. M. BRINKERHOFF

Don't Be a *Goose!*

by **NANCY HARTWELL**

Illustrated by R. M. BRINKERHOFF

THE day Miss Prentiss was to hand out the parts for the Class Play, Dodie felt as if she would burst with excitement. It was all she could do to keep her mind on the "House of the Seven Gables" which they were "demolishing gable by gable" as Hank Griscom put it. Hank was better at football than English.

But finally Miss Prentiss closed the book. "Will the following please remain after class?" she said, and read off nine names. Dodie's wasn't included and this was bad, because Kim Carson's was. It was because of Kim that she had gone to the tryouts, for Kim was sure to get the male lead.

Dodie piled up her books, ready to dash out of the room when the gong rang. She couldn't bear to face the friends to whom, recklessly, she had confided her hopes. There was a buzzing in the room, but Miss Prentiss went on consulting the list. Then, as the bell sounded, she said, "Just a minute—I forgot one part. Will—" She looked around as she did when asking for a recitation, but this time Dodie didn't duck behind her book. She was gazing so hypnotically at Miss Prentiss that that lady smiled. "Will Josephine Mercer report with the others?" she said.

Dodie let out her breath. She was in! At least she was in unless she was thrown out for bad work. But she wouldn't let that happen—if she had to stay up nights to study her

"Identify your role with an animal."

**That was Miss Prentiss' advice, and
Dodie took unusual steps to heed it**

lines! She wondered which part Miss Prentiss was giving her. They had only read the first act at the tryouts, but she went over the characters as she remembered them. She hoped it would be the dizzy girl friend, for of course she couldn't expect to get the lead. That would go to Joan Curtis, who looked like Joan Bennett—and acted like her, too. But how she'd like to get her hands on the part of that other girl. She'd get laughs with that. If you couldn't be glamorous, the next best thing was to be funny. Dodie had found that out long ago. She was famous for her "messes" and the good stories she made out of them.

When the class had gone, Miss Prentiss handed out the parts. They were small booklets, with each speech of a player, cued by the last few words of the preceding speech. Dodie noticed hers was very thin compared to the others. It had "Beulah, Acts II and III" on the cover. Who was Beulah? She examined the pages. But her lines seemed to consist mainly of "Yes, ma'am," and "No, sir" with lots of *biz*. Then it dawned upon Dodie that Beulah was the maid. There was only one long speech, near the end, which she didn't have time to read before Miss Prentiss spoke.

"I want this to be a good play," she said. "We have plenty of talent, but not too much time. So we'll have to employ short cuts—which are often fun. For instance, there is a fine method of 'setting' character quickly. An actor identifies his role with an animal. Thus a girl playing Cleopatra might set Cleopatra's character by thinking of herself as a proud and silky cat. Or Topsy might be a puppy, lovable but naughty; Jo March, in 'Little Women,' a wild young colt; Father Day in 'Life With Father' a blustering old sheep dog." She laughed

at the expressions on their faces. "People *are* like animals, you know. Our proverbs prove it. We say proud as a peacock, busy as a bee—"

"Dumb like a fox?" Kim asked innocently.

Miss Prentiss ignored this. "Now I want each one of you to remember this trick as we read through the play. Let's start. Kim, you're discovered at rise—"

"Who finds me? Am I lost?" cracked Kim. The rest snickered.

Miss Prentiss didn't smile. "It means you're on-stage when the curtain rises. Take it from there."

They were able to read only the first act, because two boys had to leave for baseball practice. Dodie didn't have a chance to open her mouth. She was crushed by the realization of how small her part was. Why it could be left out completely! She had half a notion to give it back to Miss Prentiss. After all, what fun would there be in walking across stage a few times, to answer the doorbell or bring in a tea tray?

She saw Kim motion to Joan and knew they would be heading off together to Cramer's drugstore. She sighed. It wouldn't do her any good to be in the play with Kim if she had no chance to make a hit in some way. She sat on, staring at nothing, turning it over in her mind.

Miss Prentiss gathered up her papers. "Is something troubling you, Josephine?" she asked.

"No," Dodie answered dreamily. "I mean, yes, there is." She'd take the part up to Miss Prentiss and say, "I'm sorry, but I don't think I'll have time to do this. I'm sure you can easily find someone to fill this infinitesimal role." But that would sound small and sour-grapeish. After all, she had gone out for a part, and if this was all she rated—why, then, she'd better be a good sport about it. So she said instead, "I've been trying to decide what kind of an animal Beulah would be. She hasn't much to do except answer the doorbell. There's no animal I can think of which would be able to do that!"

"I hope the rest won't take me so literally," Miss Prentiss laughed. She looked at Dodie intently for a moment. "Beulah's really—well, let's see. She's just a slow-witted, slow-moving person. If you can think of an animal like that—plain stupid—you may make something of the part, small as it is. Does that help?"

Dodie nodded. "I think so—and thank you!" she said and hurried away.

She was tearing down the front steps when she almost collided with a tall, lanky boy who thrust out an arm to brake her speed. "Whoa! What kept you?" he exclaimed. "I told you I'd walk you over to Cramer's for a coke."

Dodie blinked at him, as if she had to think who he was. She'd forgotten the date in her excitement over the play.

"What's the matter, eye trouble? I'm Hank Griscom, remember? The wonder boy of 12-A who never gets less than a D in English."

Dodie grinned and pushed back a lock of red-brown hair. "We stayed to read the first act," she said. "I'm so thrilled, Hank, I have the part of Beulah, the maid. It can be—important."

Hank looked down at her pityingly. "Who's feeding you that 'important' stuff?" he scoffed.

Dodie bridled. "Miss Prentiss said so. She said it was small, but I could make something of it."

"She's just trying to make you feel good," he laughed. "She knows someone has to play the maid. Don't be a goose about it, Dodie!"

Dodie was mad clear through. She was trying to think up some scathing remark when an idea struck her. "Goose!" she cried, and stood stock-still in the middle of High Street. "A goose, of course. That's what silly, stupid people are like. Beulah's a goose."

"Hey!" Hank yanked her out of the way of a boy on a bike. "You'll be a dead goose if you don't look out. I think you need a guardian. What's all this about geese?"

Dodie told him about it over the cokes and wienies. "The trouble is I've never seen a live goose. How do they act? Do you know any geese?"

"Not personally." Hank bit off half his hot dog. "They're nasty things. My grandmother has some out on the farm. I don't think you'd like geese, Dodie."

"Maybe not. But I think I should see one in action. Please, Hank, take me out to your grandmother's on Saturday?"

Hank shook his head. "Can't. You know perfectly well I work Saturdays. I'm sorry, Dodie. But how about helping me spend my well-earned dough at Riverview when Lorry Loring's band comes to town?"

Dodie said she'd rather see a goose, (Continued on page 45)



Just like a movie villain, the goose kept pursuing stubbornly and Dodie made a wild rush for the barn

Teach yourself the touch system! It's a wonderful vacation project—and can open lots of doors for you

Royal Typewriter Co., Inc.



Now is the

HERE'S an experiment for you. Take pen and paper; ask someone to time you; and begin copying this paragraph. Write fast, but use good, legible handwriting—the kind you'd turn in on an English theme. After exactly sixty seconds, stop, give your cramped hand a shake, and count each character you've written. Divide this total by five, and you have the number of five-stroke longhand words you can produce in a minute.

What score did you make? Twenty, twenty-five? Possibly thirty words a minute? Sounds like a lot, doesn't it? But watch that figure pale when you match it against the 150 words a minute score of a champion typist, or even against the 40-60 words speed which the average citizen, with average patience and concentration, can develop in one summer.

Yes, we mean you. And we promise that never in your life will you regret the time you spend in learning to typewrite. Homework will be less painful both to you and your teachers. You'll be more valuable to your school newspaper, you can type club notices and programs, and watch your personal correspondence zoom!

Copying manuscripts for the budding author next door, typing out Dad's speeches, addressing envelopes for the little theater group, or menus for the new tearoom downtown can mean pin money in your pocket before the summer is over—and show us the career where a girl's chances aren't enhanced by typing ability. It can be the open sesame to a newspaper, specialty store, art museum, hospital, or other places you might like to work. And once your foot is in the door, the touch system can make firm steppingstones up the path of success.

For when we say "typing" we don't mean the wearying hunt-and-peck method. True, many people do develop useful speed that way, but a little more time, a little more patience invested at the start, will soon pay big dividends in speed and comfort. The touch system, developed over a period of seventy years, is the method taught in business schools and typing classes and used by today's champions. A matter of learning the location of certain guide keys of the standard typewriter keyboard, and then teaching the fingers to find all the other keys from the guide position, it gets to be as automatic as riding a bicycle!

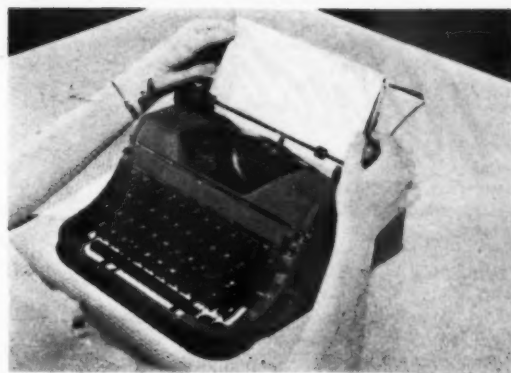
If we've convinced you to sign up for a summer typing course at a near-by business school, fine. But perhaps you'd rather spend most of your vacation reading in the hammock or working out on the tennis court? You can still learn to type—and you're the teacher. All you need is an hour after breakfast each day, a good machine, a few reams of the cheapest 8½ x 11 yellow paper, and one of the clear instruction booklets which come free with new typewriters or which sell in typewriter shops from 25c up. Typing instruction books are also often found on town library shelves, too.

Whether you're the lucky owner of a fine new portable, or will borrow or rent a larger office model called a "standard,"

the principles of learning to type are identical. But get acquainted with the operating parts of your machine, which do vary slightly with the different makes and models. Through a typist friend or your instruction book meet the *space bar* which separates words and sentences for you, and the *shift key* for making capitals and special characters. Get to know the *platen* or *cylinder* around which the paper is held in position; the location and use of the *cylinder knobs*; *backspacer*; *margin release*; *carriage-return lever*; *paper holder*; and the other helpful knobs and levers. This may seem like boring mechanical research, but it's vital to take time for it before you sit down to learn to type.

SPEAKING of sitting, your very position at the machine is also vitally important to typing efficiency. The wrong posture may mean strained muscles and eventually lowered speed; the right can bring utmost co-ordination and let you typewrite for hours at a time without fatigue.

Choose a steady table about four inches lower than usual desk height, and place your chair far enough away from it so that your arms drop naturally from your shoulders. Hold your head erect, and see that your feet are kept flat on the floor and slightly apart, bracing your body. As for your back, is it straight, or leaning slightly forward? Either is correct. Stuff



Paper crooked? Your paper-release lever to the rescue



Good position: hands parallel to keyboard, wrists low



Before erasing, move the carriage to far left or right



Photographs by The Underwood Corp.
Don't let type get clogged with ink. Brush it daily

Time to Learn to Type

by RUTH BAKER

a sofa pillow behind it for support if you like, and make sure the light falls over your left shoulder.

Now open the book to Lesson I and place it on the table just to the right of your machine (if Lesson I doesn't have a printed keyboard chart, place the fine one we've reproduced on the opposite page on your right, too).

Next step? Feed your paper into the platen, headfirst, of course, and right side away. A backing sheet or double thickness of paper will cushion the platen from type scars and make for a clearer imprint on the paper. Now twirl the cylinder knobs so that the top front of the paper comes up around the platen, facing you. If it's crooked, put the paper-release lever to work and straighten it. And have you set a one-inch margin at both sides? You're all set then, ready to learn the important "Guide" or "Home" keys. For the left hand, these home keys are *asdf*. For the right, they're *lkj*.

Eyes on the chart, please. Place the little finger of your left hand on *a*; index or first finger on *f*; second and third fingers on *d* and *s* in that order. With the right hand, let the little finger cover *;* while the index finger covers *j* and the other two fingers fall on the *k* and *l*. Remember that these are the positions to which your fingers *always* return, so give them a chance to feel at home there. Take your fingers from the keyboard and then place them back over the home keys a few times—until you can reach them quickly, accurately, and instinctively. If you've slipped blank covers over the keys, check yourself against the chart each time. Strike the home keys with their proper fingers, using a brisk hammer blow action: *asdf*; *lkj asdf*; *lkj asdf*; *lkj* right across the paper until the bell rings, then take a minute to look at your hands on the keyboard. Are

(Continued on page 34)

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Royal Typewriter Co., Inc.



Now is the

HERE'S an experiment for you. Take pen and paper; ask someone to time you; and begin copying this paragraph. Write fast, but use good, legible handwriting—the kind you'd turn in on an English theme. After exactly sixty seconds, stop, give your cramped hand a shake, and count each character you've written. Divide this total by five, and you have the number of five-stroke longhand words you can produce in a minute.

What score did you make? Twenty, twenty-five? Possibly thirty words a minute? Sounds like a lot, doesn't it? But watch that figure pale when you match it against the 150 words a minute score of a champion typist, or even against the 40-60 words speed which the average citizen, with average patience and concentration, can develop in one summer.

Yes, we mean you. And we promise that never in your life will you regret the time you spend in learning to typewrite. Homework will be less painful both to you and your teachers. You'll be more valuable to your school newspaper, you can type club notices and programs, and watch your personal correspondence zoom!

Copying manuscripts for the budding author next door, typing out Dad's speeches, addressing envelopes for the little theater group, or menus for the new tearoom downtown can mean pin money in your pocket before the summer is over—and show us the career where a girl's chances aren't enhanced by typing ability. It can be the open sesame to a newspaper, specialty store, art museum, hospital, or other places you might like to work. And once your foot is in the door, the touch system can make firm steppingstones up the path of success.

For when we say "typing" we don't mean the wearying hunt-and-peck method. True, many people do develop useful speed that way, but a little more time, a little more patience invested at the start, will soon pay big dividends in speed and comfort. The touch system, developed over a period of seventy years, is the method taught in business schools and typing classes and used by today's champions. A matter of learning the location of certain guide keys of the standard typewriter keyboard, and then teaching the fingers to find all the other keys from the guide position, it gets to be as automatic as riding a bicycle!

If we've convinced you to sign up for a summer typing course at a near-by business school, fine. But perhaps you'd rather spend most of your vacation reading in the hammock or working out on the tennis court? You can still learn to type—and you're the teacher. All you need is an hour after breakfast each day, a good machine, a few reams of the cheapest 8½ x 11 yellow paper, and one of the clear instruction booklets which come free with new typewriters or which sell in typewriter shops from 25c up. Typing instruction books are also often found on town library shelves, too.

Whether you're the lucky owner of a fine new portable, or will borrow or rent a larger office model called a "standard,"

the principles of learning to type are identical. But get acquainted with the operating parts of your machine, which do vary slightly with the different makes and models. Through a typist friend or your instruction book meet the *space bar* which separates words and sentences for you, and the *shift key* for making capitals and special characters. Get to know the *platen* or *cylinder* around which the paper is held in position; the location and use of the *cylinder knobs*; *backspacer*; *margin release*; *carriage-return lever*; *paper holder*; and the other helpful knobs and levers. This may seem like boring mechanical research, but it's vital to take time for it before you sit down to learn to type.

SPEAKING of sitting, your very position at the machine is also vitally important to typing efficiency. The wrong posture may mean strained muscles and eventually lowered speed; the right can bring utmost co-ordination and let you typewrite for hours at a time without fatigue.

Choose a steady table about four inches lower than usual desk height, and place your chair far enough away from it so that your arms drop naturally from your shoulders. Hold your head erect, and see that your feet are kept flat on the floor and slightly apart, bracing your body. As for your back, is it straight, or leaning slightly forward? Either is correct. Stuff

Time to Learn to Type

by RUTH BAKER

a sofa pillow behind it for support if you like, and make sure the light falls over your left shoulder.

Now open the book to Lesson I and place it on the table just to the right of your machine (if Lesson I doesn't have a printed keyboard chart, place the fine one we've reproduced on the opposite page on your right, too).

Next step? Feed your paper into the platen, headfirst, of course, and right side away. A backing sheet or double thickness of paper will cushion the platen from type scars and make for a clearer imprint on the paper. Now twirl the cylinder knobs so that the top front of the paper comes up around the platen, facing you. If it's crooked, put the paper-release lever to work and straighten it. And have you set a one-inch margin at both sides? You're all set then, ready to learn the important "Guide" or "Home" keys. For the left hand, these home keys are *asdf*. For the right, they're *lkj*.

Eyes on the chart, please. Place the little finger of your left hand on *a*; index or first finger on *f*; second and third fingers on *d* and *.* in that order. With the right hand, let the little finger cover *;* while the index finger covers *j* and the other two fingers fall on the *k* and *l*. Remember that these are the positions to which your fingers *always* return, so give them a chance to feel at home there. Take your fingers from the keyboard and then place them back over the home keys a few times—until you can reach them quickly, accurately, and instinctively. If you've slipped blank covers over the keys, check yourself against the chart each time. Strike the home keys with their proper fingers, using a brisk hammer blow action: *asdf* ;*lkj asdf* ;*lkj asdf* ;*lkj* right across the paper until the bell rings, then take a minute to look at your hands on the keyboard. Are

(Continued on page 34)



Paper crooked? Your paper-release lever to the rescue



Good position: hands parallel to keyboard, wrists low



Before erasing, move the carriage to far left or right



Photographs by The Underwood Corp.

Don't let type get clogged with ink. Brush it daily

Window



on the Sea

by ELLSWORTH NEWCOMB

Mrs. Chance brings new fun to Joan's life—and dumps a new responsibility squarely in her lap

PART TWO

STILL in a spangled mood because of yesterday's letter from Bill, Joan finished her shopping and pointed the nose of her father's convertible homeward.

Never had the streets looked so festive—the water and sky so flawlessly blue. The fan palms waved green banners, as if they knew the good news she was hugging to her heart: Bill was coming out in September!

She was humming gaily when she caught sight of the little boy limping painfully along. He had a red bandanna tied around his head, and a wooden sword hung from his belt. But he looked so forlorn, in spite of his dashing costume, that Joan stopped beside him.

"Hop in," she invited. "I'll give you a lift. Where do you live?"

"I don't live any place," he told her tearfully. "I'm running away to be a pirate."

Joan decided to humor him. "Well," she said, "you're the first real pirate I've ever met. What's your name?"

His brown eyes studied her doubtfully as he wriggled a foot out of his sneaker to display a badly blistered heel. "Do pirates have regular names?" he asked finally.

"Definitely," Joan assured him. "There's Jean Lafitte and—"

He evidently decided to trust her. "My name's Stephen Douglas Chance and I'm going to capture lots of ships and make people walk planks and everything."

"Creepers!" exclaimed Joan. "Look, couldn't you put off all that till tomorrow? I think it would be smart to put a band-aid on that heel."

"Well—okay." He looked relieved as he climbed into the seat beside her.

"Now," she said, "where do you live, Stevie?"

But to her dismay, he didn't know. He and his mother and sister, he explained, had just come to California from New York. He was lost, and suddenly aware of it, he began to cry.

"Never mind," Joan tried to comfort him. "We'll go to my house and then we'll find your family."

At home, Joan had a whispered conference with Mrs. Mills, and while the latter ministered to Stevie's heel, Joan telephoned the Coronado police.

"His mother's here now, Miss," she was told. "We were just going to send a flash to the prowl cars."

Completely cheered when Joan told him his mother was coming, Stevie curled up beside Joan on the sofa and began to chatter. His



Illustrated by ALAN HUGHES

father had died a long time ago, he told her. Now there were only his mother and fourteen year old sister, Judy, who was always sick with a cold, and a fox terrier named Cricket, and they had all driven out to the Coast together.

Her father's arrival put an end to his confidences. The captain's eyes twinkled as he shook hands with his small guest and Joan explained the situation. "So you got a bit off your course, did you?" he asked,



Twice each week, Joan had art lessons with the famous Vincent Talbot in his studio

as he sat down on the sofa beside Stevie and lit his pipe. Joan left them while she went to change her dress. When she came back, Stevie was listening raptly to a tale of high adventure which her father obviously was making up on the spot. They were having a grand time when the doorbell rang.

"I am so grateful to you," Mrs. Chance said as she took Joan's hand and introduced the thin young girl with her as Judy. She was a dark, slender woman in her middle thirties, and Joan thought her charming. She explained that she had discovered

for her father the winter before, while she was at Annapolis.

"What a delightful picture," Mrs. Chance said.

"Joan painted that for me," The captain beamed.

Mrs. Chance studied the painting. Then she turned to Joan. "I can't draw anything but a straight line, myself," she smiled. "But my father was an artist, and for a long time I had a job in an art gallery, so I think I do know talent when I see it."

Joan was thrilled to find someone with interests that were

(Continued on page 27)

THE STORY SO FAR

Joan Andrews thought that just being with her father in San Diego, where he was a commanding officer at the Naval Air Station, would make her perfectly happy. But she found that, though she made many new friends and enjoyed their gay parties, she was often lonely at home. Busy Captain Andrews had to be away all day and many evenings, and Joan envied her friends whose family circles were complete with mothers, brothers, and sisters. She missed her Annapolis friends, especially Bill Ambler, and worried that his long silence meant he had forgotten her. She couldn't even settle down to the painting she loved. And then came a letter from Bill promising to come to San Diego for a visit in September.

Stevie was missing when she went to call him in from play. "After I searched the neighborhood, I didn't know what to do but go to the police. You can guess how relieved I was when your call came."

When Stevie ran to her, she put a quiet hand on his shoulder, as if to reassure herself of his safety, but she did not scold or make a fuss.

Judy, though, was not so cool. "You're a bad boy," she told her brother shrilly. "You're always worrying Mom with your dopey games, and it would serve you right if you did really get lost sometime."

"Ssh! Judy!" Martha Chance tried to check her daughter's tirade. "After all, I'm afraid your comic books are partly responsible for our having a pirate in the family."

"Perhaps we could interest Stevie in a more constructive branch of seafaring," Captain Andrews chuckled. He turned to the boy. "Look here, Stevie," he said, "I've promised my daughter I'll take her aboard an aircraft carrier one of these days. If you'll promise not to run off any more without telling your mother, perhaps she'll let you go along. How about it?"

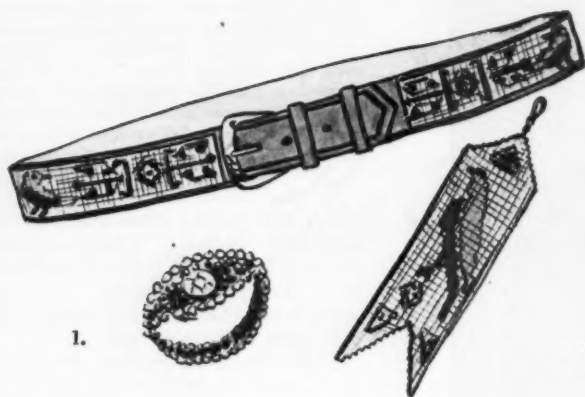
"Boy, oh, boy!" Stevie was practically inarticulate. "I won't run away again. Honest."

"Can I go, too?" Judy's thin face came to life with a smile that coaxed topaz glints into eyes that were her one promise of good looks to come.

"I'd be delighted to take you all," Captain Andrews told Mrs. Chance. "Joan can telephone and set a definite date."

They were on their way to the door when, with an exclamation of pleasure, Mrs. Chance stopped in front of the small seascape which Joan had done

Fun in the Making



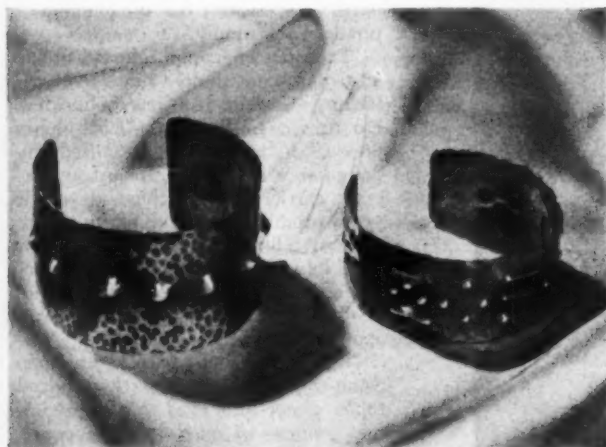
1.

The Indian Beadcraft Kit has everything you'll need to make colorful belts, rings, or fobs. It's \$2.50 at the American Handicrafts Co.*



2.

A gay felt bolero for 85c! Order $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of felt, 45c, and one package of appliqué, 40c, plus complete instructions, from the American Handicrafts Co.*



3.

Copper bracelets are made with a $1\frac{1}{2}$ "x6" copper strip and tools. All, plus instructions, for \$1.00 at American Handicrafts Co.; extra copper, 12c a strip.*

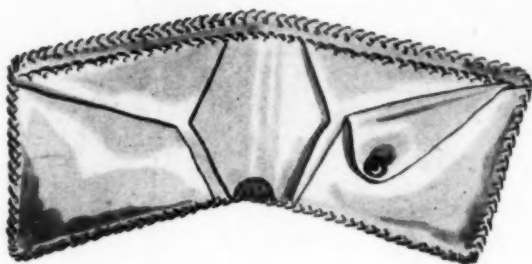
*Please order materials and instructions direct from these firms: Items 1, 2, 3, 5, and 6 from American Handicrafts Co., 49-54 S. Harrison St., East Orange, New Jersey; item 4, Alice Maynard Knitting Shop, 558 Madison Ave., New York City 22; for item 7, send a self-addressed stamped envelope to Sophie Goode, 17 E. 42nd St., New York City 17; item 8, American Thread Co., 260 W. Broadway, New York City 13.



4.

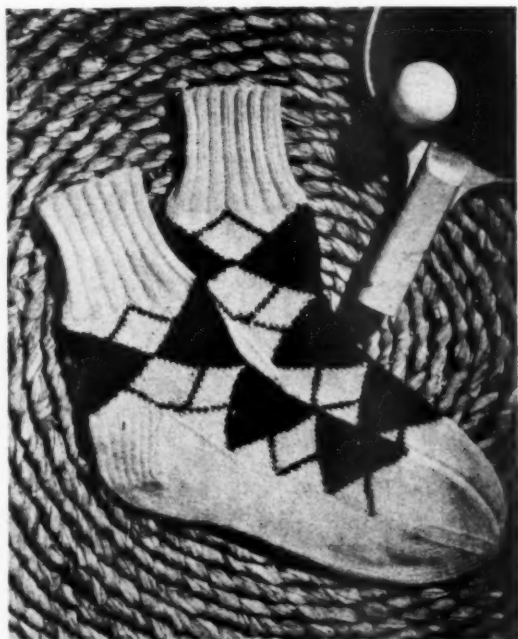
Knitting fans will love this two-color ascot. Two balls of Bernat Laurelsun yarn (any colors), needles, and instructions are \$1.50 at Alice Maynard.*

Here's a smooth calfskin billfold. It's all ready to be put together in a complete kit with instructions. \$2.47 at American Handicrafts Co.*

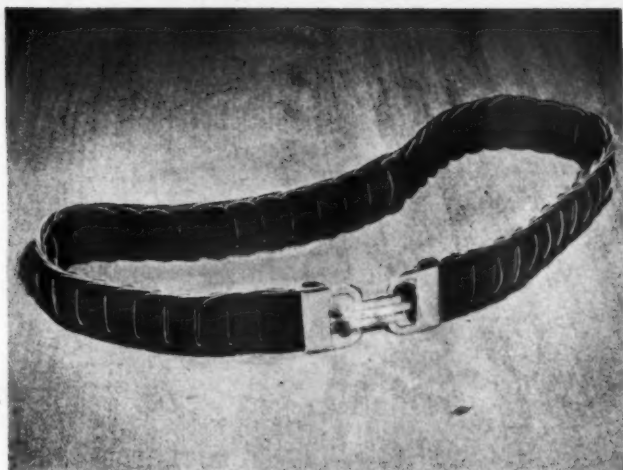


5.

These argyle socks require four skeins of Bear Brand or Fleischer Wonderized yarn, 59c for each at your local store. For instructions, write to Sophie Goode.*



7.



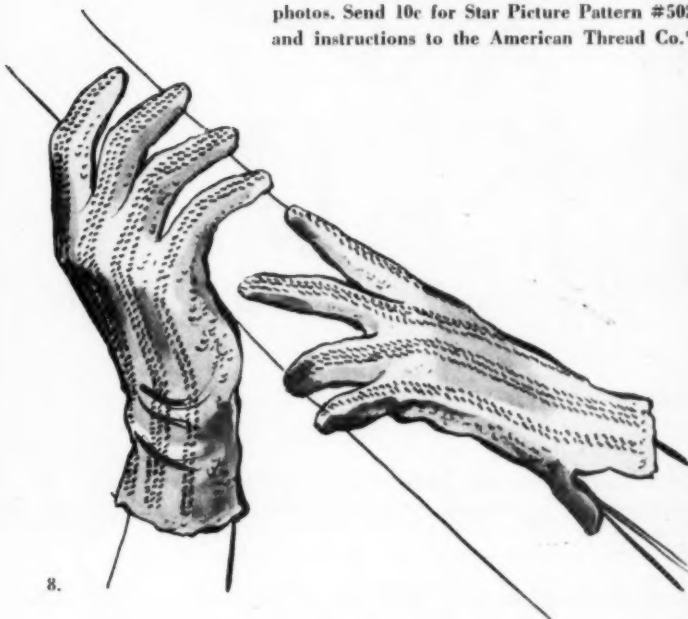
6.

Ideal for sweaters and skirts—a narrow calfskin link belt with an attractive metal buckle. Material and instructions, \$1.10 at American Handicrafts Co.*

by **JUNE BECKELMAN**

Photographs by Sol Kohn

A new way to crochet gloves—from life-size photos. Send 10c for Star Picture Pattern #502 and instructions to the American Thread Co.*

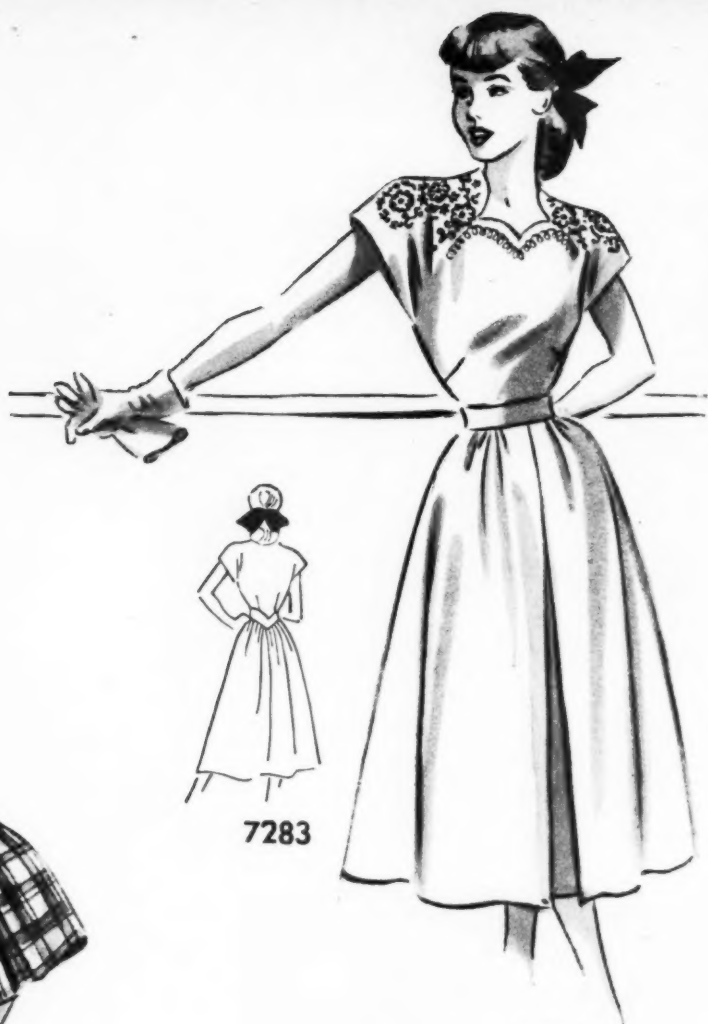


8.

Now you have time—two whole wonderful months of it—to make accessories! You'll find the ones here all fun, easy to work out, and a big boost for the budget. We chose them with an eye to your own fall wardrobe, but they're ideal as gifts, too



4988



7283



4517

These patterns, especially designed for readers of this magazine, may be purchased from The American Girl Pattern Dept., 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17. When ordering, enclose 25c for each pattern (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and state size. We pay postage. For a handy, clip-out order blank, turn to page 44.

Each pattern 25c

Cool and Captivating



4604



4987



4533

4988. Easy to make, for the ruffles are cut in one with the bodice. Teen sizes 10-16. For size 12, you will need 3 yards of 35-inch material

7283. The new line at the back is smart, and embroidery transfer is included. Teen sizes 10-16. Size 12 calls for $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch material

4517. Make this blouse in either style in a variety of materials. Sizes 12-18. For the tuck-in model, size 16, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 35-inch fabric are required

4604. This two-piece dress has a cleverly nipped-in waist and a full, swirl skirt. Sizes 11-17. For size 13, $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material are needed

4987. A neat trick is the yoke, which buttons in for dress-up. Teen sizes 10-16. For size 12 you'll need $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 35-inch material in all

4533. Pattern includes flounced petticoat. Teen sizes 10-16. Size 12 takes $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 35-inch material for the dress, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards for the petticoat

How's your Social Security?

by MARY PARKER

Illustrated by HARRY RUNNETTE



ARE you the Little Miss Milquetoast of junior high? Are you the girl who would walk a block in the wrong direction to avoid encountering a new neighbor—the often-a-treasurer, never-a-president type? Or can you stand up straight on your own two feet and wink right back at the world? Here's a quiz to determine whether you're shy as a shadow or bold as a buzz saw—or somewhere comfortably in between.

Answer the following questions by checking A, B, or C and then compare your responses with those on page 49. Credit yourself with one point for each correct answer. A score of 10 or better means that you are unusually poised for your age and the only thing you have to worry about is that you may offend more sensitive people by your breezy and unconcerned demeanor. Be sure to watch for such adverse reactions; try to avoid an overly bold and bubbly manner; and make a special point of extending tactful sympathy to shy and unsure companions.

A score of 7 to 9, inclusive, means that you are just about normal for a girl of your years. There will be times, of course, when you're inclined to follow the line of least resistance—to avoid situations and responsibilities just because they require a little extra effort. But every time you *make* that effort, every time that your vital interest in things and people overcomes your perfectly natural reserve, the victory will be just imperceptibly easier, until finally it's no effort at all.

If you chalk up a score of 6 or less, it's about time, friend, to make a big resolution. And that resolution will read something like this: I, Sally Soandso, do hereby resolve to institute an antitimid-ity campaign. Every day, sun or shower, I will do one Bold Deed, no matter how dispirited or diffident I feel—because I know that social self-reliance is something like a good forehand drive. It

(Continued on page 47)

IT'S a picnic if you keep the food simple, and eat it outdoors. In the woods, at the beach, on the porch, or in a sunny meadow where a shallow brook makes a wading pool—all such places are picnic spots. So are the public parks which are equipped with fireplaces, benches, and tables. So are the barbecue corners of backyards fixed up for family fun and a place where the men of the family like to show their skill with hamburgers and franks.

Plan your menu as carefully for a picnic as for a dining-room party. Choose foods that pack well, are easily carried in a basket, on a bicycle, in a hamper in the family car, or afoot. These are solid salads such as potato, tuna fish, chicken; stuffed eggs; a vacuum bottle of an iced or hot beverage; cupcakes, cookies; jars of pickles and olives; fruit; ice cream in a dry-ice container.

Wrap each sandwich separately in heavy waxed paper; give cupcakes and cookies the same individual treatment. Pack salads in the covered paper cups which are available—waxed or plain—at five-and-ten-cent stores or paper-goods departments.

If you have time, it's fun to add a neat label to the wrapped sandwiches, telling what the filling is. And penny fortune cards, bought at the stationer's, can be enclosed to break the ice when the sandwiches are opened.

Here are menus for two kinds of picnics—one a basket picnic, the other a barbecue—to help with your summer entertaining plans. First for the basket party—the kind where the food is prepared at home and carried ready-to-eat to the picnic spot.

BASKET PICNIC

Easy Potato Salad
Olives and Small Pickles
Canned Luncheon Meat in Hamburger Buns
American Girl Marmalade Nut-Bread Sandwiches
Cupcakes Fresh Fruit

EASY POTATO SALAD

4 cups cubed boiled potatoes	1 cup chopped celery
1 teaspoon salt	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper
1 cup French dressing	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped unpeeled cucumber
$\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ cup mayonnaise	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon celery salt

Scrub 6 or 7 medium-sized potatoes, cover with cold water, and boil until tender, 30 to 40 minutes. Drain, peel, and let stand until cool; then put them in the refrigerator for 10 or 15 minutes.

Cut in $\frac{1}{2}$ " cubes; season with salt, cover with the French dressing, and return to the refrigerator for half an hour.

Moisten with the mayonnaise, add celery, pepper, cucumber, and celery salt, and mix lightly with two forks, so as not to mash the potatoes. Keep in the refrigerator until ready to pack in containers. This salad makes 4 to 6 servings and is a good traveler, since it does not wilt or lose its flavor upon standing. Note that fish salads are recommended for picnics only if you have some means of keeping them cold until eaten.

Use sliced, bought bread for picnic sandwiches, or bake a loaf of this new American Girl Marmalade Nut Bread. Sliced thin and spread with cream cheese mixed half-and-half with more marmalade, it makes a special treat and good contrast with the heartier meat sandwiches on your menu.

(Continued on page 39)

MORE RECIPES

Send for your eighth AMERICAN GIRL Recipe File today! More recipes for basket and barbecue picnics—that's what you'll find in this loose-leaf illustrated folder. It's one of the series that you'll want to bind together for your very own AMERICAN GIRL Cookbook. First, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh folders are still available, so bring your collection up to date now.

Send us 6c in stamps for each folder you want, and don't forget to enclose a large, self-addressed, stamped envelope for every two folders you order. Please use the handy coupon on page 41.

Picnics take planning! Pack salads in covered containers, and don't forget to take along the chocolate cookie stacks

National Biscuit Company



Perfect for Picnics

by FLORENCE BROBECK



Meat Institute

Hamburger patties should be cooked over hot, glowing coals rather than over a blazing fire. Serve with barbecue sauce



Tenting

WHY so forlorn? Has your best friend boarded the train for an exciting summer at a big camp and left you among the stay-at-homes this vacation? Never mind. You can have a camp, too—and you can make it yourself. A field or even a back yard can be your campsite, and you'll find friends eager to be the campers. Or perhaps you'll persuade the family to set out on a gay week-end gypsy trip together.

If you haven't a tent you can buy an inexpensive one from a mail-order house, or make your own. Two ponchos fastened together will serve as a satisfactory pup tent (see sketch); or use a big piece of canvas or other waterproof material.

With your jackknife and a hand ax to cut sticks, and a ball of binder twine to lash the sticks together, you can make a washstand, shoe rack, picnic table, and many other furnishings for your camp. Lashing is one of the skills of the expert camper. Turn to page 36 and you will find simple directions and diagrams showing how to do it.

Be on your own—even in your own back yard. After you've set up tent, pretend you're miles away from home, and resist the temptation to run into the house and borrow even so much as an egg beater. Make one from a bunch of clean green twigs!

Snug as a Bug

Pitch your tent over a level spot, as free from stones as possible. If you are to sleep on old Mother Earth rather than on a cot, you'll want to select the spot with extra care, clearing away all rocks and sticks and smoothing down bumps and humps. A stone that's only the size of a marble when you go to bed feels like a boulder at 3 A.M.

Next, lie down on the bedspot and locate the place where your hip will go; then scoop out a shallow hip-hole. That part of the anatomy won't adjust to the ground when you're sleeping—you have to adjust the ground to it.

You've no doubt read about the soft, fragrant bough beds that pioneer campers use, but unless you're setting up camp in the deep woods, where spruce trees are a dime a dozen, you won't be able to have a bough bed.

Instead, try making your mattress of a paillassa filled with hay or straw. Take two pieces of heavy material (unbleached muslin is good) about a yard wide and five to six feet long, stitch them together

on all four sides, and make a slit in the center of one piece. Sew tapes to the slit so you can tie it together. Stuff this envelope with hay, spread it evenly, tie up the hole, and you have a fine mattress, a wonderful foundation for a bedroll.

Because dampness rises from the earth's surface, one of the rules of sleeping on the ground is, "Have as much blanket under as over you." An envelope bedroll is a good way to do this. First select about twice as many blankets as you use indoors and lay your biggest, heaviest one flat on the ground. Put your next blanket on top of it, so that one edge falls along the middle of the first blanket. The third blanket has one edge along the middle of the second, lying directly over the first blanket, and so forth. The last, or inside, blanket may be a single cotton one to serve as a sheet. When all the blankets are in place, fold the last one lengthwise, then the next one over it, and so on, alternating sides as shown in the sketch. When the bottom blanket is folded over the others, you have an envelope sealed along both edges. The bottom end can be sealed, too, by folding back about three inches of the blankets and pinning with big safety pins. You'll crawl in the open end, snug as a bug in a rug!

Department of Cookery

If you don't cook at least one meal while you're in camp, you can hardly claim to be camping. Study your grocer's shelves for dehydrated foods and ready-mixes, but don't forget to plan plenty of green vegetables, and milk in each day's menu.

For a simple cooking place, choose a wide-open space and clear a ten-foot circle of all twigs, grass, and leaf mold; then build your fire on solid dirt, or on rock, in the middle. Arrange a circle of stones around the fire to keep it from spreading, and add a crane of two forked sticks with a long stick laid across the forks, as in the drawing. By punching two holes in the top of a No. 10 tin can and hooking a wire handle in the holes you'll have a handmade kettle, but if you've borrowed one of Mother's, smear it thoroughly on the outside with yellow soap before use. That will make it easier to clean. Have a neat woodpile in a convenient spot, but be sure it is a safe distance from flying sparks.

Remember that small animals like the same food you do, so keep it covered, and hang from the branch of a tree in a basket



Two ponchos for an overnight shelter



Dig a ditch to help lead the rain away



For a bed, the homemade paillassa . . .



and snug, sealed envelope blanket roll



Rocks around a fire keep it in bounds

Tonight...

by MARGARET CHAPMAN

Drawings by FRED IRVIN

A little know-how makes the old campground just like home!



Flashlights are safest for illumination



Mosquito netting insures sweet dreams



For real luxury, heat the water first!



One good answer to the pantry problem



If you poke wet canvas you'll be sorry

or packing-box cupboard. Perishables may be stored in a covered pail in the brook, but will keep for a short period wrapped in wet cheesecloth in a pack basket hung in a tree.

Flatten empty tin cans so that curious little animals won't get caught in them, and before you leave the campsite bury those cans, along with nonburning garbage, in a deep pit. Or carry everything home with you and dispose of it there.

You Versus the Wild Life

Small animals find the presence of campers in their woods very disturbing, but they try to make the best of it. Especially at night. Field mice make cosy nests of your cleansing tissues while you sleep—if you leave the box open for their convenience. The soap you leave in an uncovered soap dish is considered a delicacy by discriminating rodents—unless, of course, you offer them even better snacks like nuts and candy. Put your cleansing tissues in your suitcase, cover your soap dish at night.

Certain forms of wild life consider *you* a delicacy. Take mosquitoes, for example. Protect yourself by using a mosquito net over your bed. You can set up your mosquito net by putting four strong, smooth sticks in the ground at the corners of your bed, and stringing heavy cord around the tops of them to make a frame. Hang the mosquito netting over the frame and anchor it on the ground, at the corners, with rocks.

What About Rain?

Rain on the roof of a canvas tent is a romantic sound. There's no other music quite like it. But if your tent leaks, or the floor seems afloat, it's quite another matter.

Be sure, before you pitch your tent, that it is waterproof and has no holes in it. A tent can be patched just like a pair of overalls, and paraffin rubbed over the stitching to seal it.

Even waterproof canvas will leak, however, if you let anything poke against the roof when the canvas is taut—a broom handle, for example. If you don't believe it, try running your finger back and forth inside the roof during a heavy rain. The pressure will break the air bubbles which make the canvas waterproof—and there will be a leak!

If your tent floor is the ground, even though the tent walls are firmly anchored,

the rain will run through unless you lead the water off in another direction. Dig a shallow trench all around, close to the outside edge of the tent wall, and the water will flow through it instead of through your duffel and your bed. Even though the sun may be shining and the weather forecast is good, dig the trench when you pitch the tent. It's a little late to start ditching after the rain.

Gadgets and Gimmicks

Though you're not faced with official daily inspection, keep your tent ship-shape. Store everything you can in your suitcase or pack basket and fold things neatly. Even a rugged camper shouldn't look as though she'd slept in her clothes. Make an orange-crate dressing table if you like, and if you need a broom make one by tying a bunch of twigs on one end of a strong stick. The branch ends of a little tree make nice cup hooks, and don't forget about lashing (page 36).

The weight of wet bathing suits, towels, and camp laundry hung on tent ropes not only pulls them out of shape, but makes a tent into a tenement. To avoid this, drive two forked sticks into the ground about six feet apart and lay a long, trimmed sapling across the forks. There's your clothesline—like your fireplace crane, only longer and higher.

A shower bath? Rig a large watering can to the branch of a tree, as in the sketch on the left. As for lighting, flashlights are safest, particularly inside a tent which may have been waterproofed with a highly flammable substance. If your flash has a handle, hang it conveniently over a forked stick.

Further Information

Like every trade, you see, camping in comfort has its tricks, based on experience, wisdom, and understanding of nature. These are just a few—you'll find hundreds more useful hints in the many fine books which experts on camping and the out-of-doors have written. We've compiled a list of helpful publications—several of which are free—and we'll be glad to mail it to you for the asking. Just be sure to send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request to Campers' Book List, The American Girl Magazine, 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17. But don't stop at reading books on camping. Try it for yourself!

THE END

by GERI TROTTA

Be Bright about the



NOW that summer's here full blast, and you'll be lolloping off to camp and the beaches, better bone up on the sun. He may look benign and beaming, but he's a tough, two-faced character. Depending on yourself, he can be a help or a hindrance, a friend or foe.

Sun is pretty powerful stuff. Scary, sometimes, too. Doctors tell us it may help cure some diseases (like acne), but may help *cause* others unless we're wary. They tell us, also, that in the last twenty years America has become a country of sun worshipers. Well, that's fine. The sun can make anything alive grow stronger and healthier—and most important, its ultraviolet rays help produce bone-building Vitamin D in our bodies. But sometimes we're so sun-greedy that it stops being sensible.

This is the fact: Allowing for individual differences, you can absorb all the ultraviolet rays you need daily in a very few minutes' of sunshine. In that short time you'll get every smitch of the precious rays you can use, every bit of benefit they bring.

And this is the danger: While you try to coax that tan you consider so slick for setting off your new white dress, you may burn your tender skin in the process. What's more, once your skin is baked dark-brown, it automatically screens out some of those wonderful ultraviolet rays. The more tanned you are, the less they can penetrate the surface.

So make a resolution. This year you're going to tan a beautiful biscuit-beige instead of a gingerbread brown—without a single sun blister or sizzle along the way. Here's how:

Remember that overworked old adage, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure"? It's true. Especially if

you're blond, with fair, delicate skin, you should heed that warning. It's safer—and lots more comfortable—to rub a good protective (mineral oil, cocoa butter, or sun oil, cream, or lotion) over your skin *before* it's bared to the sun, than to rub anything on after it's had too much exposure and the damage is done.

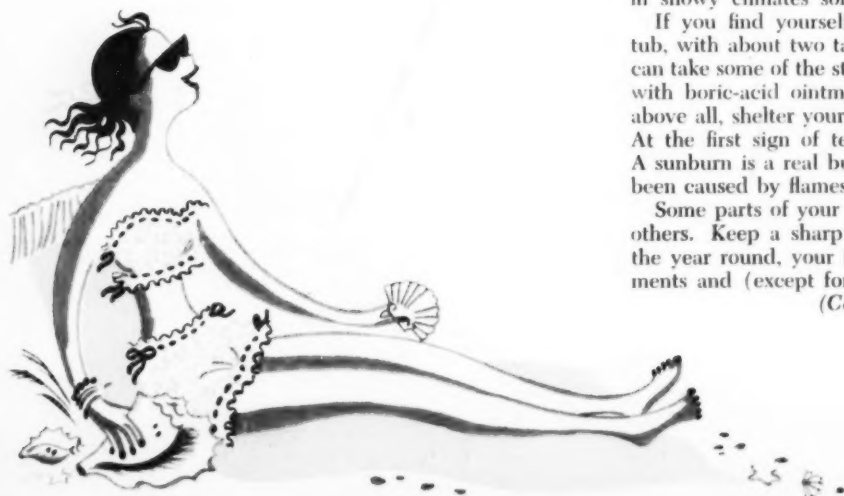
The first few times you wear a swim suit, cover up with a cotton pullover, a beachcoat, or a towel except while you're in the water. Uncover to the sunshine a little longer each day until *gradually*—that's the magic word—your body slowly and evenly tans. If you notice your skin becoming dry and tough, another drop or two of the oil or cream you're using to side-step sunburn, smoothed on before you go to bed, will help keep it soft, help prevent peeling. No doubt about it, too much sun has a definite aging effect on the texture of your skin unless you take care. Have you ever noticed the leathery faces of people who work constantly in the open?

BEWARE the midday sun (and we mean from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.). It's meaner, more potent than you think. Beware the cloudy day. Though the sun seems blurred, that very haziness acts like a giant magnifying glass to intensify its strength. Cool summer days are treacherous, too. Oddly enough, the heat of the sun (controlled by infrared rays) is no indication of how much you're burning (controlled by ultraviolet rays). You actually may feel chilly while your skin is being mercilessly scorched. For this reason, skiers and people in snowy climates sometimes suffer frightful burns.

If you find yourself slightly afire by late afternoon, a hot tub, with about two tablespoons of kitchen salt dissolved in it, can take some of the sting out of your skin. Then swab the area with boric-acid ointment, white vaseline, or mineral oil—and above all, shelter your skin in the shade for the next few days. At the first sign of temperature, be sure to see your doctor. A sunburn is a real burn—as much of a burn as though it had been caused by flames—and may have the same consequences.

Some parts of your body, obviously, are more sensitive than others. Keep a sharp eye on them. Since it goes unshielded the year round, your face has built up a resistance to the elements and (except for your nose!) is usually not too liable to

(Continued on page 47)



Drawings by CLARE McCANNA

A ROCKY ROAD consists of a super-size scoop of chocolate ice cream, a gob of marshmallow sauce covered with a special fudge sauce that hardens to form a crunchy, sweet roof over all, and a layer of peanuts on top. It's the colossal creation to be found in certain corner drugstores out San Francisco way, and Ann Curtis, America's greatest woman swimmer, loves them dearly.

But when it comes to a choice between Rocky Roads and a trip to London to represent America against the greatest of the world's swimmers, Ann is more than willing to forego the confections. You simply can't carry along extra calories if you plan to swim 220 yards in 2 minutes and 22 seconds!

The experts say that Ann Curtis is the best woman swimmer the United States has had in twenty years, and they're counting on her point winnings to help the United States women's team bring home the coveted Olympic Games championship title from London next month. She already holds dozens of medals and trophies, and two world's records (in the 440 yard and 880 yard free style) so there is a substantial foundation for the high hopes.

I rode out to San Francisco's Treasure Island with Charlie Sava—famed coach of the San Francisco women's team, that won its seventh consecutive national title in April—to meet Ann and watch her swim.

Charlie broke into a grin when I asked him how he'd describe Ann. "Everybody likes her," he said in his brusque but friendly way. "She's unassuming, works hard, takes orders good-naturedly, is a good sport, and just plain charming."

If you've followed the sports-page accounts of Ann's astounding swimming prowess, you may have imagined her as an Amazon type, with muscles practically bursting through her bathing suit. I did, certainly. I thought that all the strength and stamina it takes to swim so far so fast must show on the outside! Imagine my surprise when I was told that the lovely, graceful, slender girl walking across the Navy gym on Treasure Island was Ann Curtis!

She is 5 feet 10½ inches tall and weighs close to 160 pounds, but the weight is so well distributed, and her posture so perfect, that you'd guess her to be several inches shorter and many pounds lighter. She has red-blond hair which is soft and shining, gray-green eyes that sparkle, and beautiful teeth. And after meeting Ann I had to agree with her coach's description—she's friendly, natural, gay, and you feel immediately that no amount of success would ever spoil her.

In the five-minute rests Coach Sava allowed her between grueling half-hour stretches in the pool, Ann gave me a word picture of what life is like as a swimming champion. For several weeks before a swim meet the schedule goes like this: up at 7 A.M.; school from 8 to 5 (she goes to the University of California in Berkeley); swim practice from 6 to 8 P.M. and to bed by 9 P.M. Swim practice on week ends, too, but a Saturday night movie is allowed.

"It isn't really as bad as it sounds," Ann told me. "Of course

A champion swimmer must work hard for her laurels, but attractive Ann Curtis finds time for other sports, friends, parties, and dressmaking



Photograph by Ken McLaughlin

by
MARCIA LEE

Olympic Champion?

I love to swim, so the practice is fun, and we get in a lot of chatting right in the pool." Believe it or not, the girls do manage to put in a real gab session during kicking practice when they flutter-kick their way down the pool side by side, holding on to surfboards, their heads out of the water.

"There's a lot of excitement in being in a swim meet, and I guess that makes up for some of the good times we have to miss," Ann continued. "Hard training only lasts a short time, just before the meet, and we have plenty of time for other kinds of fun."

By "other kinds of fun" Ann means playing tennis and badminton, having dates, going to dances. Formal dances with smooth music are tops with her, but she also enjoys the jitter-bugging, record-playing sessions at the fraternity houses.

"Dancing is my favorite sport—next to swimming," Ann said, "and I like to sew, too. I learned to sew when I was a Girl Scout and I make almost all of my clothes. I'll never forget how proud I was of the dress I made for my first formal dance in high school."

Ann is twenty-two years old and has been swimming for about thirteen years. She swam about a mile a day in the pool at the convent school she attended when she was nine. The swimming instructress felt that she was growing too tall too fast, and thought swimming would be good for her. She won her first race in a meet when she was eleven, and three years later Charlie Sava took over her training. That meant two or three miles of swimming a day—every day with the exception of two Sundays out of a month. It meant kicking endless lengths

(Continued on page 34)

The name's Ann Curtis, and experts predict she'll make big swimming news this summer

The American Girl

Date at Eight

by Lou Hampton

Illustrated by SYLVIA HAGGANDER

The critical words weren't intended
for Janice's ears, but she couldn't
help hearing them. You'll enjoy this
short story, complete on these pages



Stunned, Janice found a seat by a fern.
"Dona," she whispered, "my best friend"

JANICE TEMPLE had not the slightest intention of eaves-dropping. She was in the anteroom just outside the powder room, ready to push open the door. Suddenly she stood still, her mouth wide open.

Dona Hill's voice—pitched a little high with indignation—was saying, "I'm sick and tired of double-dating with her. Wouldn't you think she'd feel a little responsibility for seeing that her date is having a good time? How would she like it if she'd asked a boy out and he acted bored to death all evening! What if she *has* got a case on somebody else? Personally, I think the place to brood over your troubles is in your own home."

Stunned, Janice tiptoed out into the ballroom again. She found a seat near by, hidden by a large fern.

"Dona!" She said under her breath. "My very best friend!"

It was Dona who had telephoned her the week before. "Jan—" she had begun hesitantly. "Golly, I don't know just how to say this— It's about the Junior Class Dance."

"Wynn Taggart asked you, didn't he?" Janice had demanded.

"Yes. But Jan, there was nothing I could do. I knew you were hoping he'd ask you, and I sort of stalled, trying to figure out something. I like Wynn, but I like some of the other boys a lot better. Then, when he told me Doug Waters was going to ask you, and they'd planned a foursome, I said yes. I figured that would be better than—"

"I don't care," Janice had said. "I'm not going."

"Oh, Jan, please," Dona had begged. "I wish it were the other way round, but we'll have fun, anyway. After all, Doug's

a swell kid. I'm sure you'll have a good time with him."

"But he's not Wynn!" Janice had sighed. "Okay, Dona, if Doug asks me I'll go. I guess it's better than not seeing Wynn at all."

She had dressed for the dance in her pink candy-striped dress with the swirl. A careless glance in the mirror had told her that her shoulder-length brown hair shone like polished glass, but she didn't care. How different it would have been if she were going with Wynn.

She hadn't even bothered to smile in reply to Doug's whistle of approval when she walked into the living room. "Shall we go?" she had asked coolly.

Her mother had glanced up disapprovingly. But instead of feeling ashamed, Janice had felt more resentful than ever.

"Can I help it," she had thought, "if I don't care what anybody but Wynn thinks about me?"

All the way to the dance, watching Wynn's dark head from the back seat where she sat beside Doug, she had sulked, arguing with Doug every time he said something.

She had danced without enthusiasm until the waltz with Wynn. Then she had come alive, wishing the music would never stop. When it was over, Wynn had clapped with the others and then begun looking around for Dona and Doug.

"Excuse me," Janice had said quickly. "I'll be back in a sec."

That was when she had started for the powder room.

"Jiminy!" she moaned now. "Dona's always been so understanding." She glanced miserably out through the fern, across



the dance floor. Abruptly she sat up straight. There, dancing with Joey Peters, was Dona.

"It can't be," thought Janice frantically. "It CAN'T be!" Dona hadn't come out of the powder room—she would have had to pass the spot where Janice was sitting.

Then the door of the powder room opened, and Carol Brewster and Phyllis Peters emerged. Janice went hot and cold all over. Carol Brewster, Dona's first cousin! Everybody said they looked alike. And sounded alike! Of course!

She got shakily to her feet, a great relief surging over her. "They weren't talking about me," she breathed happily. Then she became sober. "But they could have been. That's exactly the way I've been behaving. Sulking, never having a good time—all because I'm so silly about Wynn, and he doesn't pay any attention to me. Whew! Well, I'm not going to be that way any longer. I'm going to act as if I'm having fun if it kills me!"

She looked around for Doug and saw him sitting with Wynn in a far corner.

"Hi, gang," she called cheerily. "Sorry to be so long, Doug."

"How about a coke," Doug invited. "Aren't you thirsty?"

"Thirsty as a camel," Janice laughed. "Let's get going."

They were finishing their cokes when the orchestra started a boogie-woogie number.

"Can't miss this," Janice said. "Come on, Doug!"

"I thought you didn't like boogie-woogie."

She said mysteriously, "Didn't you know? I'm a changed woman."

After the dance, the four of them went to the Malt Shop. Instead of lapsing into her customary gloom, Janice had a good time seeing how gay she could be. She made paper hats for them out of napkins; she tuned their water glasses until they played, "How Dry I Am" when tapped with a fork. They all had a wonderful time.

When they reached her door, and Doug said, "Want to go to the show some night next week? Say Friday?" she answered, "I'd love to, Doug. I had a wonderful time tonight."

She was through turning down dates, hoping Wynn Taggart might phone. She liked him as much as ever, but in the future she was going to do her glooming over him strictly in private!

The telephone awakened Janice the next morning.

"Didn't we have a super-time last night?" Dona exulted.

"It was fun," Janice agreed.

"And listen to this! Wynn talked about you all the way home. Said he'd never realized before how much fun you were. I'll bet anything he asks you for a date before the week's out!"

Janice almost stopped breathing. "Golly," she sighed, "do you suppose he will?"

"Sure as my name's Dona Hill."

When Janice hung up, she swirled away from the phone to hug her mother.

"Oh, Mom, I feel like celebrating! Let's have waffles for breakfast!"

THE END

Drawings by JEAN MAIER



For the bouffante look (left) an old drapery makes a pretty swag over a contrasting underskirt

The magic below was worked with castoff organdy curtains! Two tiebacks form the bench ruffle



For Your Vanity

A discarded evening gown plus a piano stool from the attic set a novel scene for glamour



THESE dreamy dressing-table skirts are yours for the making. You don't have to buy a yard of goods unless you want to, because you can use converted stowaways or attic treasures. Even the furniture can be rescued from oblivion!

Do you like your bedroom to be all dainty and feminine? Then choose the snowy white dressing table in the sketch above. The skirt, once a pair of glass curtains, we attached to the vanity horizontally, so that the ruffled edges made the deep flounce which ripples softly along the bottom. Glass curtains are a wonderful way to get a brand-new and lovely dressing-table skirt without spending any money. The nets and organdies of which they are made provide exactly the right type of material.

If your bedroom already has plenty of color, make the vanity's underskirt white, too, the way we did. Ours was a rich, shining rayon-satin which gleams softly through, never letting on that it had once been a slip under an old evening dress. Two old satin slips, street length, can be used equally well, and if you prefer a

(Continued on page 38)

by NORA HAMMESFAHR

Window on the Sea

(Continued from page 13)

on speaking terms with her own, and while Judy glared, they talked about Joan's work. She was embarrassed when she had to admit she had done very little about it. There was a fine teacher in Coronado, Mrs. Chance said. Vincent Talbot, who had taught at the Art League in New York. He took only a few pupils, but she promised to speak to him about Joan.

When Joan tried to thank her, she shook her head. "If your other things are as good as this you have a real gift, and something ought to be done about it."

After the Chances had driven away, Joan flung her arms around her father. "Isn't she darling?" she said. "And so pretty."

"Who? Judy?" asked the captain. "Goodness, no!" Joan answered emphatically. "I thought she was a brat and plain as potatoes. I mean Mrs. Chance, and I adore Stevie."

Next day Mrs. Chance telephoned that Mr. Talbot would see Joan that afternoon, and more scared than she had ever been in her life, Joan lugged her small group of pictures to his studio.

The little man's steely eyes seemed to bore holes into her, and then into her paintings. But just when she was sure she couldn't bear another moment of suspense he said, "Come at ten on Monday. Please be here promptly. I never listen to excuses."

When the door had closed behind her, Joan realized that Mr. Talbot had not once said that he liked her things or that she showed promise. He had been brisk and businesslike, as if he were hiring her for a job. Suddenly she realized that was just what he had meant her to feel. Painting was a job—a hard one. From now on she would have to budget her time. There might have to be fewer good times with Phyl and the gang, but it was worth it. Mr. Vincent Talbot actually was going to teach her!

She couldn't wait to write the good news to Bill, but first she would tell Mrs. Chance, who had invited her for tea.

As the golden July days went by, the Andrews and the Chances were often together. Mrs. Chance treated Joan as if they were the same age, listening to her ideas and sympathizing when she told her that she was counting the hours till Bill's leave. Joan felt that in the charming older woman she had at last found the companionship she had begun to know with her aunt in Annapolis.

There was only one flaw in the relationship—Judy seemed to have a hearty dislike for her. At the Coronado pool where Stevie romped with Phyl's brothers and the boys' mothers got acquainted, the younger girl's manner toward Joan was frosty and showed no signs of thawing.

"I could do without Judy," Phyl remarked bluntly. But she thought Mrs. Chance was tops. Mrs. Jewett often asked the attractive widow for an evening of bridge and now, Phyl reported,

she was to be Captain Andrews' dinner partner at a party the Jewetts were giving.

I hope Dad likes her, Joan thought. He often saw Martha Chance at the homes of friends but he rarely mentioned her, and he still hadn't said anything about the trip to the carrier, though Stevie was forever asking about it.

It was a busy summer for Joan, but in spite of her full calendar, she spent some part of each day sketching and went faithfully twice a week to Vincent Talbot's. She had gotten over her first awe at working in the big studio with its stacked canvases, easels, and ghostly casts of white plaster. Her charcoal no longer made wobbly, unsure strokes on her sketch pad when Mr. Talbot stood at her shoulder. And, best of all, early in August the teacher told her that she might begin a portrait.

"Oh, Joan! That's wonderful!" Mrs. Chance said when she heard the news. "You know the Talbot exhibition in September is quite something. Maybe your picture will be in it."

To have a painting in a show while Bill was here would certainly be a double order of thrills. And if she should, it would be because Martha Chance had helped and encouraged her.

I wish I could do something really mellow for Mrs. Chance, Joan thought as she started home. Perhaps she and her father might have a party. But she let the days go by without asking her father about it.

One day in mid-August Mrs. Mills had a message for her when she came home from the studio.

"There was a call from the captain," she told Joan. "He'll be late tonight, but he said to tell you the *Invincible's* in port and for you to call Mrs. Chance and settle on a day to go aboard."

"Why, that's Dad's own carrier!" Joan exclaimed. To go aboard the very ship her father had once commanded made it twice as exciting. She'd drive over to Coronado and watch Stevie's face when she told him. Besides, she hadn't seen Mrs. Chance for several days, and she did want to talk to

her and ask her advice about the portrait.

When Stevie's mother opened the door she gave her guest a warm welcome, although Joan noticed that she looked white and tired. The children were both out, but Joan told their mother about the captain's call. They were on the point of setting a date when Mrs. Chance gave a startled gasp.

"What is it?" Joan asked, alarmed.

Mrs. Chance laughed a little uncertainly. "I'm sorry," she apologized. "I'm sure it's nothing at all, but I've felt rather ill all day, and now and then I have a queer, sharp twinge in my side."

Joan was frightened. Years ago, at school, one of the girls had had an appendicitis attack right in the middle of history class and Joan never had forgotten how they had all been lectured on the importance of seeing a doctor about stomach-aches that lasted for any length of time.

"You stretch out on the sofa," she urged Mrs. Chance. "I'm going to call a doctor for you."

Martha started to protest, but stopped as pain made her catch her breath. "Perhaps you'd better," she managed to say. "Dr. Lathrop's number is on my desk. I've had him once for Judy."

Joan put the call through, thinking how lucky that she had come over. Mrs. Chance didn't know her neighbors very well yet, and Mrs. Jewett was away. The telephone whirled maddeningly. If Dr. Lathrop didn't answer, she'd have to find someone else. But at last there was a brisk "Hello," and a promise to get in touch with the doctor immediately.

"I'm being an awful nuisance, but what would I have done without you?" Mrs. Chance said weakly when Joan went back to her. She closed her eyes, but now and then a spasm of pain crossed her face.

A few minutes later the children stamped into the hall, and Joan hurried to head them off.

"Hi, there," she greeted them, ignoring Judy's black scowl, and trying to sound lighthearted as she told them their mother wasn't feeling well and must be quiet for a little while.

"I'm going to stay with her," Judy said defiantly, brushing past Joan, with Stevie trailing her.

I'd like to shake that stubborn little bobby-soxer, Joan thought. But just then the doorbell rang and Dr. Lathrop came in quickly. Even Judy obeyed the short, cheerful man as he unceremoniously shoed them all out of the living room and gave his patient a reassuring smile.

Later, in the hall, he spoke quietly to Joan, one hand already lifting the telephone. "I've given Mrs. Chance a hypodermic," he said. "She's resting now, but she'll have to go to the hospital immediately. I guess you're elected head of the family for a few days, young lady."

Oh, glory! thought Joan. But before she could explain that far from being the senior daughter of the house, she had only known the Chances a short while, the doctor was talking rapidly into the telephone.

"Appendectomy," Joan heard him say as he ordered an ambulance to be sent at once.



"I was doing all right 'til I got here. I've wasted twenty-six strokes trying to get out of this little hole."

What shall I do? Joan wondered, as the two frightened children, and even the dog, Cricket, stared at her in bewilderment. Martha Chance was seriously ill, and here she was with a couple of panicky youngsters on her hands.

"Mother!" Judy's piercing wail, followed by a loud sob from Stevie, jolted Joan into action. "Now look here, both of you," she said. "Your mother is going to be all right. The doctor can make her well, but you must help by not making a fuss!"

Momentarily calmed by her reasonable tone, Judy whispered; "But who'll stay with us? Who'll get our supper?"

"And put us to bed and hear our prayers?" Stevie added tearfully.

Who, indeed? wondered Joan. Her father would know what to do—if only she could reach him at the Air Station.

Before she could call him, however, two white-coated figures came swiftly on the walk, and she bustled Judy and Stevie off to the kitchen to feed Cricket while Mrs. Chance was carried to the ambulance. "Tell her not to worry," Joan tried to give her voice a confident ring as she spoke to the doctor's retreating back.

Magically, when she telephoned Captain Andrews she got him at once. "Dad, I'm at Mrs. Chance's," she said. "She's been taken to the hospital and there's no one to take care of the children. What shall I do?"

"Mrs. Chance is ill?" Her father sounded distressed. "By all means take the children over to our quarters. And give me the doctor's name. I'll get in touch with him."

It was as simple as that. It's certainly wonderful to have a man in the family, she thought. She told the children that they were going to spend the night with her. "Come show me where your things are," she said. "We'll collect your toothbrushes and stuff."

For a moment it seemed as if Judy would revolt, but after a look at Joan's grave face, her belligerence subsided. "Is my mother going to die?" she asked, her voice quivering.

"Of course not," Joan told her with all the confidence she could muster. "In no time at all you'll be going to see her. Come on, let's get going."

On the way to North Island Judy was thoughtfully silent, and Joan warned to her when she saw that the fourteen-year-old was making a real effort to hang on to her courage. Stevie, though, was too young to worry for long, and the ride through the darkening streets and past the sentry box at the entrance to the Station was high adventure. Cricket had curled up dutifully on the seat.

Mrs. Mills greeted the trio calmly, forewarned by the captain, and there was even a lusciously frosted cake for supper which Joan suspected had recently been added to the menu.

"I never go to bed till nine," Judy insisted at Stevie's bedtime. Joan made no objection. Feeling very clumsy, she helped the little boy wash his face and hands. Then, after tucking him into bed, she felt a catch in her throat as she listened to the long list of God-blesses which ended with her own name.

He likes me, Joan thought. Why, if it weren't for her worry over Mrs. Chance, and the problem of dealing with the temperamental Judy, a borrowed family would be fun.

But the moment the captain arrived, Judy became a model child.



OUR JULY COVER

Maggi McNamara, our very popular July Cover Girl, has true Irish beauty. She's impatiently awaiting her vacation train in Dell Town's cool cotton dress, so smart for holidays. The white bodice, with its deep, flattering ruffle, is combined with a full black skirt plaided in cherry-red or chartreuse; in teen sizes 10-16. You can buy Maggi's dress for about \$8.00 at Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn; B. Altman, New York City; Carson, Pirie Scott, Chicago; Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia.

"Glad to have you aboard, young lady," he greeted her.

Judy's eyes were big and guileless as she smiled up at him. "It's terribly wonderful of you to have us," she said.

"Wow!" Joan said to herself. "That little character can turn on the charm when she wants to." Surprisingly she didn't even put up a fight when at nine o'clock the captain held out his wrist watch.

"Two bells." He grinned. "Time Judy caught some shut-eye." He gave her shoulder a quick pat. "Don't worry about a thing," he told her heartily. "Your mother's going to be fine."

"Golly," Joan said to her father when she had come back from trying to get Judy settled in the bed alongside her own, "you've put a spell on her. But the minute I'm alone with her, she freezes up like an arctic winter." They both laughed. Then Joan asked anxiously, "Dad, why don't we hear from the hospital? If anything should happen to Mrs. Chance, we don't know who her relatives are or anything."

Captain Andrews frowned and began to whistle as he always did when worried. "I've been thinking the same thing myself," he admitted. "But you'd better go on to bed. You've had quite an ordeal. I'll stand by for news."

Joan was surprised that she had fallen asleep when her father called her softly some time later.

"Dr. Lathrop just phoned," he told her when she joined him in the hallway. "Mrs. Chance is doing nicely, but it was a close squeak. If you hadn't been there—" His

tone sent a cold shiver down Joan's spine.

"Did—did the doctor say anything about the children?" she asked.

"He's wired for Mrs. Chance's sister to come out from New York. I told him we'd keep them till she gets here," he said. "Do you think you and Mrs. Mills can manage?"

"Of course we can," she assured him, mentally canceling dates for the days ahead. She slid back into bed after making sure that Judy hadn't wakened. But this time sleep wouldn't come, and she lay puzzling over the odd twist of fate that had made her go to the Chances' this particular afternoon, of all others. Here she had been wishing for a family as long as she could remember, and now it looked as if destiny had dumped one squarely into her lap. And, perversely, she was not at all sure she was going to like it. Stevie around would be fun, but Judy was certainly not an ideal sister—not even a part-time one.

The younger girl thrashed around restlessly. Suddenly Joan felt sorry for her. Poor health probably did account for a lot of her unlovableness and being away from her mother was hard on her. Impulsively Joan got up and smoothed the covers over Judy's thin, curled-up body.

If she were my real sister, she thought, I'd have to make the best of it. I'm going to try to be friends with her if it kills me.

(To be continued)

Caricature

(Continued from page 7)

began sliding currency under the grille, and the man scooped it into a bag. Then I noticed something.

Kitty was pressed close against me. She had her right hand in the air, but not her left. And with the pen in her left hand she was making swift strokes on the bank form she'd started to fill out. The robber evidently didn't notice that only three blue-sleeved arms were in the air—he was too busy scooping up the money.

It was all over in a couple of minutes. The robber slipped out the front door and we heard a car drive away. Somebody set off the alarm and a bell began to clang. Everyone was talking at once. Sirens began to scream, and then the police rushed in.

They asked for a description of the robber so that headquarters could broadcast a general alarm. The responses were amazing. The man was tall. He was short. He was thin. He was husky. He had on a brown coat. He was in his shirt sleeves. Everybody, it seemed, had a different idea. The police didn't pay much attention to two frightened girls. They listened mostly to the bank teller and the other customers.

Finally they allowed us to leave, and we went over to Kitty's. We ripped off those smothering sweaters and sank into chairs. Then I remembered something. "Let's see that drawing," I demanded.

Kitty was very sober as I studied the sketch. It looked exactly like the robber. I knew there was something odd about him, but I hadn't realized what it was until I saw the way the left-hand corner of his mouth drooped in Kitty's drawing.

"The prow cars will surely pick him up," she said nervously, biting her lower lip.

I knew what she was thinking. "You ought to give this to the police," I advised,

handing the telltale sketch back to her. "But I can't!" she wailed. "Everybody would know who made those sketches. Prexy would find out. And I can't be kicked out of school now."

We sat in her studio, looking pretty glum. Kitty filled in her sketch with color. Brown trousers. Dark-blue coat. A gray slouch hat. Auburn hair. It was the robber to the life.

"I'm sure they'll pick him up," I reassured her. "Like as not they've caught him already."

But they didn't catch him. For two days Kitty and I glued our ears to the radio at every news broadcast. We bought the newspapers the instant they hit the stands. There was plenty of space devoted to the holdup, but never a clue as to who had done it. Kitty and I were fit to tied.

On the third day Kitty said, "I can't stand it any longer. I feel like an accessory after the fact—or whatever they call withholding evidence. I'm going to the police, no matter what comes of it."

We were pretty scared when we walked into the police station. Kitty insisted on seeing the chief himself, but the chief was in no mood to be bothered, for the newspapers had been riding him. But we waited, and finally he stomped angrily out of his office.

"Well?" he snapped. "What is it? What do you kids want?"

"We were in the bank when it was held up," Kitty blurted out nervously. "I—saw the robbery. I drew this picture of the thief."

The chief looked at it and his mouth fell open. "Lippy McConnell!" he gasped.

You should have seen the excitement. Everybody crowded around. A light flashed, and a man with a camera darted out the door. Reporters began shouting questions at us. Kitty had intended to ask a pledge of secrecy from the police, but she saw there was no use now trying to hold anything back.

It was dark when we were allowed to leave, and we stopped at a drugstore for a sandwich. A man came in with a bundle of papers and we fell over each other to buy one. Right in the middle of the front page was a big picture of Kitty, with the chief holding up her sketch, which was as plain as all get out in the photograph.

"I guess it's all over but the shouting," Kitty moaned as we trudged miserably home.

At two the next afternoon Kitty was in Prexy's office, and I paced up and down the corridor outside for almost an hour.

"What happened?" I cried, when she finally came out. "Are you expelled?"

"No. But Prexy gave me fits. Said I was misusing my talent. He was awfully nice, though, when he said I did the right thing in going to the police, regardless of what it meant to my own future, and—Say, did you know Prexy's brother is head of the Arts and Crafts College?"

"He is?" I exclaimed. "Isn't that the one you wanted to go to so badly?"

Kitty burst into tears. "I've got a scholarship," she sobbed happily. "Prexy sent some of those crazy sketches to his brother! And just look at this!" She handed me a check from the bank for five hundred dollars. The police had caught Lippy McConnell less than twelve hours after the description based on Kitty's sketch had been sent out over the teletype.

I'm going to miss Kitty next year. But I'm tickled pink for her. That gal's going places!

THE END

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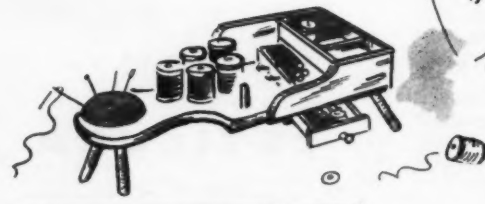
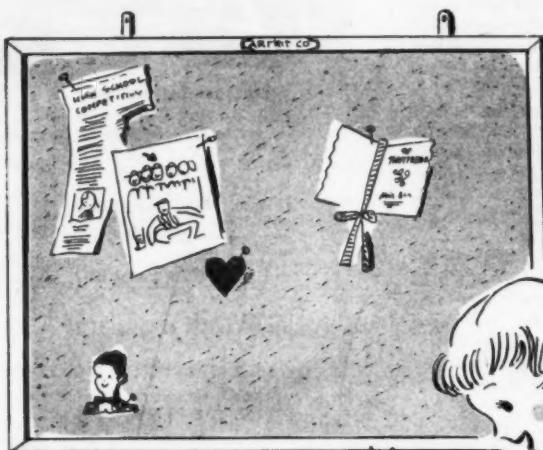
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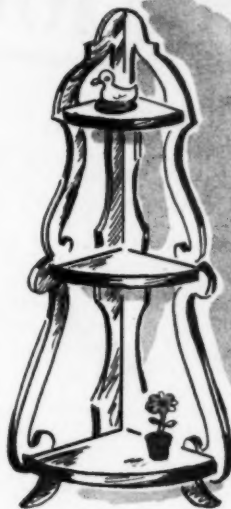
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LISL WEIL

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Comments on May

HUNTINGTON STATION, NEW YORK: I want to congratulate you on your May issue—it was super. I especially liked *Two-Wheel Technique* and *Snakes Can Be Fun*. I like most any kind of animal story. The conclusion of *Beany Malone* was also very good.

Lets have some real good mystery stories, or better yet, a serial.

JOYCE DREUSIKE

TOLEDO, OHIO: I think your magazine is simply super, especially the fashions. A *Penny For Your Thoughts* and *Teen Shop Talk* are good. Your stories are the best I have read in any book. The stories about Pat Downing—most of all the one in the May issue, *Declaration of Independence*—are wonderful.

AS SOON as THE AMERICAN GIRL gets to our house my mother leaves her work and reads it. She enjoys the magazine as much as I do.

ELAINE CHRISTIAN

HAYWARD, CALIFORNIA: I have been taking THE AMERICAN GIRL for six months.

I liked *Beany Malone* very much. I also like the departments *Jokes* and *Teen Shop Talk*.

I did not care for *Declaration of Independence*. I think that it would have been better in story form instead of in letter form.

MYRNA TOUCHON

JENSEN BEACH, FLORIDA: I have just received the May issue of your wonderful magazine and I just had to write you about your models.

All but a few of the girls that model the wonderful fashions have horrible figures. It is especially noticeable that they don't have any waistlines—even one of the cover girls seemed to have the waistline of a two-year-old.

I just adore your magazine except for this one point.

ANNE LEACH

Speechmaking

GULFPORT, MISSISSIPPI: I like the article on *Ladies and Gentlemen* because it helped me get some pointers on making a speech (I need that very much).

As for your fashions—well, I think they are just super.

In your May issue your record selection was wonderful. I liked the Bach album. It sounds very good.

NANCY MIZE

We Did It!

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS: Wonderful! You actually did it. *Perpetua Puts One Over* is the first story in a long time that didn't mention the male sex.

Most of your stories are the same. Either a glamorous girl has trouble with the handsome hero of the town, or she isn't so glamorous but overcomes her difficulties and wins him. A few of these are all right, but please, not so many. I've subscribed to THE AMERICAN GIRL for three years and this is my only complaint.

Your patterns are swell. I am going to make one of the dresses in the May issue.

CHARLOTTE WEDEEN

The Good Road

NOORDWIJK-BINNEN, HOLLAND: You will be very surprised when you receive a letter from a Dutch girl. But I will explain that.

Some weeks ago I received from my pen friend in Iowa some AMERICAN GIRLS. My mother, my nieces, my friends at school were very delighted with these magazines. In Holland we have not any such a thing, not before or after the war.

Now about myself. I am sixteen years old and I am still in high school. I am in the last, the fifth form. I am not a Girl Scout, but my school friend is. The uniform of the Dutch girl is very different from the American's. Here we have a dark-blue uniform, knee stockings, and a blue hat with a large brim. I live in Noordwijk, a bathing place on the North Sea where every summer many foreigners from several countries (also from America) come to visit. Noordwijk is famous also for its flower fields, with tulips and many other flowers. Nowadays we see many Americans in their touring cars who have come for our grand flower festivals in April and May.

All the war damage in our town is repaired. Happily! In all our country men are busy repairing and rebuilding houses and factories. When we compare 1945-1946 with this year, 1948, we are on the good road!

BERTIE v/d VOORT

Mosquito Time

CURUNDU, CANAL ZONE: I am interested in cooking. I have used several recipes from THE AMERICAN GIRL; my favorite was a peach pie.

Many of my girl friends take THE AMERICAN GIRL. Down here in the Canal Zone many of us can't play after dark because of the mosquitoes. We have a pleasant evening with THE AMERICAN GIRL.

SUSAN BOSE

Modern Dancing

DANBURY, CONNECTICUT: I disagree with Babs Andrews in the April issue. I think a few more fashions wouldn't hurt. I also wish you would have more patterns because I am interested in sewing, as I hope to make my own clothes. I do wish you would have a few hints on hairdos, because I like to change my hair style often.

I wish you would print an article on modern dancing, for I am just learning how to dance and would like to know more about it. We have a Teen Agers' Club in Danbury to which I belong and we have monthly dances, so I would enjoy it more if I could dance better. We also have square sets.

I am thirteen years old and will graduate from grammar school this June.

ELISE WATSON

How about the hairdos in "Headed for Summer" in the June issue? Look for shampooing hints in August, and watch the fall issues for an article on ballroom dancing by Helen Gregutt. The Editors.

Ballet Dancing

ASHLAND, KENTUCKY: I think that THE AMERICAN GIRL is tops, except for one thing. You don't have enough stories on ballet dancing and the legitimate stage. These are two things I am very much interested in. I have taken dancing (ballet) since I was five years old and I have recently turned fourteen. Also I am in the Dramatic Club at Putnam Junior High, where I go to school. I graduate from the ninth grade in May.

I think that your Pat Downing stories are super, and I am looking forward to the next one. Also your fashions are very good. My English pen pal, to whom I have sent THE AMERICAN GIRL, said that your magazine was "it."

FLORENCE ANNE BURCHETT

Girl Guide

ISLE OF WIGHT, ENGLAND: I was lucky enough to have a subscription paid for me as a Christmas present by my American pen friend, who is a Girl Scout. She couldn't have given me a better present.

I like your fashion articles very much, and the Girl Scout features. I like also your super serial story, *Beany Malone*. Thank you a lot, America, for such a smashing magazine.

I am a Girl Guide of the First Ryde Girl Guide Company and a Patrol Leader of this company. I have my Second Class badge and I am now working for my First Class badge.

JOAN WALTON

Patterns

BURLINGTON, VERMONT: I have just finished reading *Beany Malone* and think it was super.

I think your pattern department is tops for girls like myself who help out the wardrobe situation by making some of their own clothes. The fashions are swell.

ANITA M. HILL

STONEHAM, MASSACHUSETTS: I have taken *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for almost a half year. I find the dress patterns very pretty. I read most of the stories, and like them very much. I would enjoy the magazine a lot more if there were more stories like *The Legacy of Canyon John* in the April issue.

I was surprised to know there was a childrens' club of snakes. It is a wonder anyone would dare put a snake around his neck.

MARTHA HARRINGTON

Friendly, We Hope

SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA: I think your article, *Snakes Can Be Fun*, was very interesting. I am sure that I would never belong to any snake club, but I certainly enjoyed it.

Your covers have been darling, but I don't like the last one. I have just one more complaint, please have some more stories about horses. *Declaration of Independence* was wonderful, even though it isn't like the one I am studying about now.

I guess I am one of your rivals, for I am a Camp Fire Girl.

SUZANNE HAGER

Professional Careers

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK: The first time I ever saw your magazine was during library period in school. What caught my attention was the very attractive cover. (By the way, the dress on your April cover is in my closet.)

I think your magazine is tops with teens, and is practically perfect. One improvement would be to have more fiction stories. Another would be to have a few articles for girls who would like a professional career such as acting, modeling, or designing.

But on the whole I think you put out a very enjoyable magazine.

MYRA SUSSMAN

Sports and Mysteries

ROANOKE, VIRGINIA: I subscribe to *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and enjoy it very much. I like especially the Girl Scout news and the recipes. I think that it would be nice to put in a series of sport stories. I enjoy sports and I am sure many other girls do, too. I also like mystery stories and would appreciate more.

PATRICIA TEMPLETON

Perpetua Pleases

CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE: The May *AMERICAN GIRL* was super. I agree with Elizabeth Blakemore on having more on dogs or horses. I think *Beany Malone* is one of the best stories you have had in a long time. I like *Teen Shop Talk* and *It's New!* a lot.

Declaration of Independence was interesting. *Perpetua Puts One Over* was different than most stories, and held my interest. Daddy liked your article on camping needs.

DORIS ROCHELLE DUTCH

Please address your letters to The American Girl, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y.

THE END

The American Girl

TRUE OR FALSE?



Your permanent won't take

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FALSE. A perm will take as well during your period as at any other time. But if sitting still all those hours makes you edgy—put off your beauty parlor date a few days.

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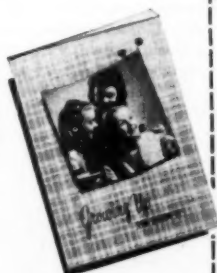
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June Steingart

Ruffled petticoat (2½ yds. 39" material) and a beribboned camisole to wear with it (¾ yd.)

Now Is the Time to Learn to Type

(Continued from page 11)

they parallel to it? They should be—wrists level, fingers curved at the first and second joints. The finest typists eliminate arm and wrist action almost completely and their fingers hug the keys. Their nails are never long enough to clatter uncomfortably or break against the keys.

Using the return lever, throw (don't push) back the carriage and type another line across your page, striking the same home keys, but this time separating each letter with a space which is made by striking the space bar once with the right thumb. Think hard about each letter as you type it, but don't watch your hands or your paper. Keep your eyes on that keyboard chart!

So far, two keys in this home row—the *g* and the *h*—have been left untouched. These are first-finger letters; that is, the *g* is struck by the *f* finger; the *h* by the *j* finger. Try this exercise, straight across the page in a perfect row: fff ggg jji hhh.

Your instruction book will give you word and finger drills for the memorizing of these ten keys and will guide you in adding the others gradually until the entire keyboard is at your command. Although the books vary somewhat in order of procedure and in practice selections, all are based on the same basic theory of "finger memory," all stress the importance of steady rhythm, and all agree that careful mastery of the early lessons is the only sure basis for future spectacular performance. Thus when an exercise demands a "perfect page," it means just that—perfect—and don't promote yourself to the next exercise until you've produced a mistake-free paper.

If you find self-discipline dull going, get Mother or Dad to check over your papers with a red crayon and work out an achievement chart, or set goals for yourself. On some days, progress will seem to be plain sailing; on others, it will be slow and painful. But don't be discouraged—careful, honest, systematic work really does pay off, you know.

So, too, does proper typewriter care, and there are a number of simple little attentions which are the responsibility of every typist who expects faithful service from her machine. First, after each practice session she should clean the type, brushing upward and outward with a dry type brush. This keeps the type bright and clear. But should a letter become clogged with ink, she'll use the brush, moistened in special type-cleaning fluid. Once a week, the careful typist takes a dry cloth and wipes the grooves along which the carriage travels. She wipes the platen and feed rolls, too, using a cloth slightly moistened with denatured alcohol (to keep the paper from slipping) and while she's about it, she brushes fuzz and dust from the internal workings of the machine with a long-handled dry brush, and polishes the enamel and chrome on the outside of the typewriter with a lintless duster. The good typist knows the importance of proper erasures, of course, always moving the carriage all the way to one side or the other before erasing, so that the particles of paper or rubber will fall outside the machine rather than into its sensitive working parts.

After you've mastered all the letters, numbers, and punctuation on the keyboard, you'll want to experiment with some of the special characters you can make with your machine. The exclamation point (!) for example, you'll make by holding down shift key and space bar, then striking the period and apostrophe. The division mark (÷) is made with a hyphen, backspace, colon. The small *l* of course doubles as the figure 1; and the underliner is on the upper half of the 6 key.

Near the back of your instruction book you'll probably find advice on the proper setting up of business letters, and helpful and interesting it is to know about the full-block and semiblock styles, the meaning of "open punctuation," the position of the date line, of the inside address, the complimentary close. But in all your summer hours of drill, speed has probably been your goal.

Test it, then. It's easiest to have someone time you, starting and stopping you at given signals, but it's possible to time yourself. Here's how. Choose an unfamiliar selection to copy, make a mental note of the moment you begin to type the piece through, and record the exact time at which you stop. The difference between the two times is, of course, the number of minutes you wrote.

Now divide the total number of strokes typed, including spaces and punctuation, by five and you have the number of standard five-stroke words you typed. Subtract 10 points for each error made, divide the result by the minutes you worked, and there's your per-minute typing speed.

Toward the end of the summer you may want to take a one, three, or five minute speed test at the beginning of each day's practice session. It's a good idea, especially if you analyze your errors carefully and do remedial work on them—typing one correct row of the word, then phrase, then line in which the error appeared. If you constantly mix up the *i*'s and *e*'s, turn back to the elementary word drills on those letters. Never force yourself, but work at an even pace. If establishing rhythm is your weak point, start the metronome going on the piano, or type a few exercises to the steady rhythms of tuneful musical selections.

It's exciting to keep a graph of your speed-test results and post it on your bulletin board where you can see it easily. Watch the red line showing your errors sink down. Watch that curve of words per minute rise! It's our guess you'll keep that graph in your private scrapbook for a long time, in loving memory of a worthwhile summer. And come September when the girls gather round and ask you for vacation data, take it from us, your casual "I taught myself to type" is a mighty impressive answer!

THE END

Olympic Champion?

(Continued from page 23)

of the pool with ankles attached to a pulley that held an eighteen pound weight, and threshing through the water with ankles encased in an inner tube, to build the shoulder and arm muscles.

But it wasn't long before all this concentration brought results. In 1943 Ann captured the Far Western championship in the 220 and 440 yard races, and staged a major upset by defeating Brenda Helser, national champion, in the 100 yard free style. In 1944

(Continued on page 37)

SPEAKING OF MOVIES



FOUR FACES WEST—has been described as an Eastern picture with a Western background. There are cowboys but no gun fights, and real-life Texas Ranger Pat Garrett (Charles Bickford) as a leading character. The story by Eugene Mun- love Rhodes tells of Garrett's pursuit of a young bank robber (Joel McCrea) through El Mor- ro National Park in New Mexi- co. Frances Dee returns to the screen as a lovely heroine.



DEEP WATERS—is an absorbing and human drama of two men who love the sea: Dana An- drews, who sticks to his boat even when it means giving up his girl (Jean Peters) and twelve year old Dean Stockwell. The Maine-filmed story revolves around Dean, who plays a mis- understood orphan, and he gives a compelling perform- ance. The adult cast includes Anne Revere and Cesar Romero. Another good family picture.



THE EMPEROR WALTZ—is un- doubtedly one of the year's big- gest audience pictures, and for good reason—Bing Crosby and Jean Fontaine in a new and wonderful costarring team. Magnificent scenery (the Cana- dian Rockies masquerading as the Austrian Tyrol), superb mu- sic, and a delightfully impossi- ble plot add up to entertain- ment plus. A French lady poodle and a mutt named But- tons add a lot to the fun.



GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROAD- WAY—is the first solo-starring picture for the new Hollywood light, Dan Dailey—and it's made to order for him. In this "backstage" story the tall, lik- able Dan not only sings and dances, but is a juggler and an amateur baseball player as well. Nancy Guild is the ro- mantic interest, and the fine cast includes Charles Winnin- ger, Fay Bainter, Barbara Law- rence, and Charles Ruggles.

by **CAROL CRANE**

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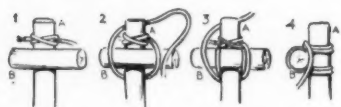
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LASHING MADE EASY

YOU CAN make useful articles for outdoor living without the use of hammer and nails if you know how to lash. All you need in the way of equipment are jackknife, hand ax, sticks and cord (binder twine is best), and you'll need to know two knots—the square knot and clove hitch. Instructions for making these can be found in the Girl Scout Handbook and in other camping guidebooks and texts.

Square Lashing

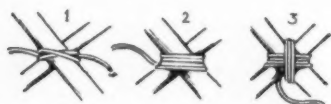


The purpose of square lashing is to join two sticks together at right angles as shown in the sketches above. Often your vertical (A) may be a tree trunk.

Here's how: Place sticks in desired position (1) tie a clove hitch around the vertical stick (A) slipping knot around so that the long length of the cord pulls directly out from the knot. Now bind the cord tightly around the two sticks—over the horizontal stick (B) under the vertical (A) three or four times (2 & 3) following the "square" you have made. Pull the cord tightly so that it lies neatly beside the previous turns and be sure not to cross over the center of the sticks, either top or underneath. The next step is frapping: wind the cord between the two sticks, pulling the first binding tightly together (4). For good lashing you must learn to frap very tightly. Finish by joining the end of the binding cord to the starting end with a square knot and tucking the ends underneath the lashing.

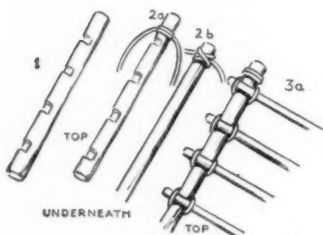
Diagonal Lashing

Diagonal lashing is joining two sticks together in the form of an X. Here's how: Place the sticks in position, holding them that way as you work, of course. Tie a clove hitch around both sticks at the point of crossing as shown in figure 1 below. Wrap the cord around the crossing three or four times over the clove hitch—as shown in figure 2—then wind around the crossing in the other direction three or four times, pulling tightly (3). Frap, as in square lashing, by winding the cord between the two



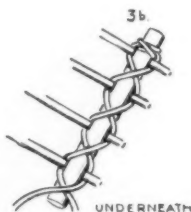
sticks, around the original lashing. Tie the ends together with a square knot, clip off, and tuck neatly under.

Continuous Lashing



In continuous lashing (also called running lashing) several small sticks are bound along the length of a larger stick. Here's how: Have sticks cut and ready, long ones the desired length of your finished article and short ones the width you wish it to be. Try and find sticks of about equal thickness.

Mark or notch the long stick at even intervals (left, above) where you plan to fit the small ones. Take a long piece of cord (approximately four times longer than the long stick), and tie it with a clove hitch at one end of the long stick. Tie the knot at the middle of the cord, leaving two ends of equal length (2 a and b) on either side of the long stick. Now lay the first short stick in the first notch of the long stick, bring both ends of rope up and over the short stick (3a). Cross the cord under the long stick, as shown in 3b, and continue adding the short sticks in the same way to

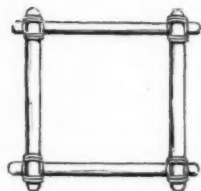


the end, always pulling cord tightly at each short stick. Finally, tie the ends of the cord together with a square knot and tuck under last small stick.

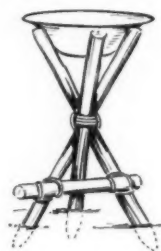
Sheer Lashing

Sheer or round lashing (not illustrated) is used to bind two or more sticks together lengthwise, not at an angle. Here's how: First make a clove hitch around one of the sticks. Then hold the sticks together in a tight bundle and wrap the cord around all the sticks three or four times, making sure each turn is tight and lies neatly beside the next one. Finish by frapping tightly, make a square knot and tuck both ends under the lashing. This type of lashing is useful for joining two short sticks together so as to get one long one or for extending the handle of a frying pan.

Things To Make

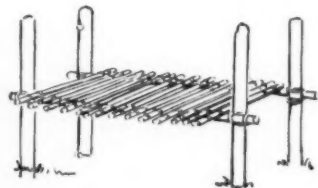


A luggage rack to raise your suitcase off the damp ground can be made using square lashing. Four sturdy sticks should be trimmed neatly and lashed together in a square or rectangle. Using the same method you can make a bulletin board or, if you wish, get some small twigs and twine and make a tiny, rustic picture frame for that favorite snapshot!



A tripod basin rack is a camp asset and easy to make. Get three sturdy sticks of the same thickness and trim to equal lengths, but leave forks that might be handy for hanging washclothes and towels. Point the ends if the rack is to be set into the ground.

Hold all three sticks and spread them apart, placing a basin on the top. Mark the spot for lashing which will make your rack the right height. Next, lash the three sticks together, using sheer lashing. Spread sticks apart and bind as in diagonal lashing. If your washstand is wobbly, lash a brace to the bottom of your tripod, as shown in the sketch.



A worktable for your back-yard fireplace or your unit kitchen makes camp cooking easy. You can use two trees or four sturdy posts. Select two strong straight sticks for the sides, and smaller sticks for the cross pieces. Lash the side sticks to the posts or trees, using square lashing. Then use continuous lashing for the top of your table.

THE END

Drawings adapted from "Campcraft ABC's," by Catherine T. Hammett, by permission of the author

Olympic Champion?

(Continued from page 34)

Ann won four championships in three days at the National Outdoor Women's Championship Meet in Kansas City and set a new world's record for the 880 yard race—the first time a world's record had been beaten by an American swimmer in thirteen years. In 1945 Ann's number of captured national titles grew to five and she broke a second world's record. And so year by year, through her teens, Ann gathered the laurels, and the experience, to make her ready for the forthcoming test of tests—the Olympics.

The team has been following avidly the records of the champions of other nations whom they will meet in the London games, to be held in the Empire Pool in Wembley. "The Danish girls are wonderful," Ann said, a worried wrinkle creasing her forehead, "but we'll do our best!"

I asked her if she ever felt nervous before a big race. "Oh, yes," she answered. "I think everyone does. But I try to breathe deeply and look calm. I think it always helps you and the rest of the team if you at least give the appearance of being calm."

Then I asked her what she thought were the things that made one person a champion swimmer and another just a swimmer.

"I think it's probably first of all a matter of interest in the sport," she replied. "You have to love the sport, or you won't put in all the long hours of practice necessary before you can be good at it. I guess the will to win is pretty important, too. It must be the will to win that makes you swim better in a race in spite of being nervous."

"I feel so lucky that I learned to swim when I was quite young," Ann continued. "It's been such grand fun, and through it I've gotten to see so much of the country—and now London! And truthfully, I think swimming has helped me in every way. I used to be self-conscious about my height, but swimming helped my posture and took off a lot of chunkiness I had where I shouldn't have it. It's really the best sport in the world for the figure, I'm sure."

"I'm even glad about the training rules, in a way. It seemed awful at first to give up pastries and rich foods, but you get so you don't miss them, and you really feel much better and look much better when you eat healthful foods and get your eight hours sleep!"

I ASKED Ann if she had any words of advice for young swimmers who would follow in her footsteps. "Learning to swim the right way is terribly important. A lot of time and energy is wasted when you have to unlearn what you've already made a habit. Learn just one thing at a time and be sure you've mastered it before you start another. For example, you must learn to breathe rhythmically in the water—exhaling when your face is in the water and inhaling when your face is turned to the side, to a steady count. And then you must learn to kick to the same rhythmic count. Then the arm strokes must be made to the count, and finally the kicking, stroking, and breathing must be co-ordinated so that every motion is in perfect tune. You can never have speed without co-ordination. Even if you're not planning to enter competition, it's more

(Continued on page 38)

WITH PLAYERS WHO "KNOW"

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Good form and good equipment go hand in hand. And *good form* in tennis depends a whole lot upon the racket you use. If it's a Wilson, endorsed by such great tennis stars as Pauline Betz, Alice Marble, Mary Hardwick, Jack Kramer, Bobby Riggs and Don Budge, you'll be able to swing it with confidence. You'll find it easier to develop good form in

your serve, forehand and backhand. So, for a winning game take a tip from these stars—use a Wilson racket designed especially for women. See your Wilson dealer or tennis professional. Wilson Sporting Goods Co., Chicago, New York and other leading cities. (A Wilson & Co., Inc. subsidiary.)

Players mentioned are retained as members of the Wilson Advisory Staff



Dash Marking:—For easy identification on the courts, Wilson Championship tennis balls are stamped with dash markings (1 to 4 dashes).

It's New!

by Lawrence N. Galton

Copyall: Here's a gadget you'll find useful. It's an inexpensive, simple way to reproduce, in four colors, party programs, troop bulletins, invitations, announcements, personal greeting cards. Just make an original with pencil, pen, or typewriter, on any kind of paper, in any size up to 8" x 14". Place this on one of the printing surfaces and you can turn out as many as 100 copies in a few minutes. Four colored pencils (purple, red, blue, and green) are furnished to let you put color in the work.



Piepan Magic: Whether you do the baking or the heavy looking-on, you'll like this new kind of piepan. It's sectioned for individual, uniformly sized cuts, the juice and filling baked into each separate piece of pie. This means no more need to cut portions, and no more filling to spill as you serve. The pan can be used also for baking individual servings of shortcake and corn bread in just the right size.

Skirt Marker: Here's how to mark your hem without assistance. It's a device that chalks the hemline, measuring accurately at the same time—and low enough so you can mark ballerina and ankle-length dresses. Inexpensive, it has other good features, too. First, it won't tip over, because you stand on the base while you use it. Second, it grasps the fabric at the marking point as it chalks. It's all-metal and streamlined, and can be used also for marking curtain and drapery hems.



Peel It: With this new, stamped-steel tool—no longer than a conventional can opener—you can quickly and easily remove peel from grapefruit and oranges without puncturing the fruit. The peel comes off in two hemispherical cups, making it easy to separate the fruit and eat in the hand. It's also an aid in preparing ornamental arrangements of salads and fruit cups.

Fun in the Sun: One trouble with many of the things you use for fun in summer—beach umbrellas, awnings, beach chairs, boat sails, fiber rugs, gliders, rubber life rafts—is that when you drag them out after a long winter, they may have dry-rotted or mildewed. But here's the simple answer: a new rubber plastic fabric paint. You can use it to give a new look to worn or discolored fabrics, to reinforce those weakened by rot or mildew, to waterproof others that have become porous. It dries quickly, remains flexible, and is said to be mothproof, too.



Specs without Specs: If you're a lass with glasses, there's a new boon for you in silicon-treated lens tissues. Scientifically developed, these tissues are treated with one of the amazing silicon chemicals which adds an invisible silicon surface to the glass, preventing the adherence of dust, dirt, and body oils, and protecting against minor surface scratches. Packaged in folding "book" type packets with plastic cover, the tissues are convenient for pocket or purse.

Write and Decorate: If you like to go creative in decorating your baked goods, you'll enjoy this aluminum icing tube. It comes in several colors, and has an easy dispensing nozzle which lets you write pencil-like on cakes, cookies, pastries, and so forth. One inexpensive tube is said to contain enough icing to decorate several large birthday cakes or dozens of cookies.



Beauty-Parlor Comfort: Practically professional shampoos can be had right at home with a new tray that fits any sink or basin. With it there's no need to get soap and water in your eyes or nose, or for suds to overflow on the floor. It's made of rustproof aluminum, and has two suction cups that can be fastened either to the center or side of the basin. Between uses the tray, which weighs only 1½ pounds, may be folded and stored in any closet.

If you are interested in any of the products described in this column—send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to "It's New" Editor, The American Girl, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y., for where-to-buy or price information. No inquiries can be answered unless you enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Olympic Champion?

(Continued from page 37)

fun to swim when you do it correctly. Once you've gotten the rhythm, it's just a matter of practice." That's her message to you.

If you put together all the miles of practice there have been in Ann Curtis' life, they'd reach to London and back several times. So we can say truly that Ann swam her way to the Olympics! And we'll all be watching to see if that most important competition of all will wreath her bathing cap with even more laurels.

THE END

For Your Vanity

(Continued from page 26)

colored underskirt, merely dye the material, or choose old colored slips.

Those quaint little ruffles like pantaloons, on the legs of the bench, were once the curtain tiebacks, and are attached by well-concealed white thumbtacks. You might never guess that the table and the bench came, not from heaven, but from the attic. And really, they did look heaven-sent after they were painted a glossy white. We added the ruffle around the edge of the mirror to carry out the angelic theme.

But perhaps you prefer something more *bouffante* in your bedroom? Then the dressing table in the top sketch on page 26 may be your choice. One pair of discarded draperies will turn this trick. Use one drape as a swag at the window. Then take the other half of your pair and make a very elegant matching swag on the dressing table. Put the swag over a plain underskirt, if you want—perhaps a glowing rayon slip from an evening dress, as suggested above.

The flounce on the stool, and the perky edging on the flowerpot, were made from the extra material provided by the valance. By the way, we found the stool, the dressing table, and the mirror in a secondhand shop. And while we were browsing there, we ran across those interesting bottles—very inexpensive, and they have such an aristocratic air!

BUT maybe you go for glamour. Then the third dressing table is your dish—it's skirt made from a discarded evening dress. The bias cut made a full, full skirt, but a dirndl would have worked equally well. The materials from which evening dresses are made—organdy, satin, taffeta, net, and the like—are particularly suitable for a vanity. They have all the dainty, feminine appeal that is the essential element of this style of decoration.

If you decide to use up an old evening dress in this fashion, measure from the hem of the dress to the top of the vanity, and before you cut, allow a little more for a narrowly hemmed ruffle at the top. The bodice of the dress will provide the material for the swag over the mirror, and we used the sash of the dress as a sort of backdrop from which to hang pictures. Anyhow, that's the way it appears. Actually, the pictures are hung securely from picture hangers which go through the material and right into the plaster.

Yes, you've guessed it. The stool once belonged to a piano, then went to the attic, and now has come downstairs again, to the bedroom. Do you like our bowl? It came from the five-and-ten, and we stuffed it with two very stiffly starched, colorful cotton hankies. They are a little saucier than flowers. We're not mentioning the mirror and the table. The truth is that they had been in our Fibber McGee closet for 10, these many years. It goes to show you what can happen if you give a few old things a little attention!

THE END

Perfect for Picnics

(Continued from page 19)

AMERICAN GIRL MARMALADE NUT BREAD

4 large shredded-wheat biscuits	3 teaspoons baking powder
1/4 cup sugar	1 teaspoon salt
1/4 cup orange marmalade	1/2 cup chopped walnuts
2 eggs	3/4 cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla	2 tablespoons melted shortening
1 1/4 cups sifted flour	

Preheat oven for moderate (350°). Rub a loaf pan (9" x 5" x 2 1/2") with shortening. Crush the shredded-wheat biscuits fine with the rolling pin on a sheet of waxed paper.

Mix the sugar, marmalade, eggs, vanilla, and beat well. Sift the flour, baking powder, and salt together; combine with the shredded wheat and nuts. Add these dry ingredients alternately with the milk to the first mixture, stir in the melted shortening, pour into the loaf pan and bake 50 minutes.

When you take the pan out of the oven, turn it on its side on the cake-cooling rack and slip the loaf out. Cool thoroughly before cutting. Slice thin, spread with cream cheese and marmalade, put slices together, and wrap well with waxed paper. Makes 18 or more slices. If the bread is a day old it will slice thinner and give 20 to 27 slices.

BARBECUE PICNIC

Spiced Hamburgers with Barbecue Sauce
Squares of Cheddar Cheese Buttered Rolls
Chocolate Cookie Stacks
Iced Bottled Drinks

SPICED HAMBURGERS

2 pounds ground chuck beef	1 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon pepper	1/2 teaspoon tabasco sauce

Mix the meat with salt, pepper, and tabasco sauce. Form into patties 3" wide and 1" thick. Wrap separately in waxed paper, and put in a paper container in the refrigerator until time for the picnic.

BARBECUE SAUCE

1/2 cup chopped onion	1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
2 tablespoons salad oil	1 teaspoon mixed mustard
1/2 cup lemon juice	1/2 cup water
1 tablespoon vinegar	
1/2 cup catsup	1/4 cup honey

Brown the onion in the salad oil in an enamel or glass saucepan. Add the rest of the ingredients and cook slowly, simmering 30 minutes. Stir and mix. Let cool, then

(Continued on page 41)



The case of the vanishing headset

Once upon a time, about sixty-five years ago, telephone operators wore a bulky 6 1/2 pound transmitter and receiver balanced on a shoulder harness. They sat very still and spoke directly into the transmitter.

But today's operators can turn their pretty heads as they will. A delicate transmitter faithfully follows their lips. The new headset is small, dainty and efficient. It weighs a mere 5 6/10 ounces.

This is just one of the many improvements that are constantly being made by your Bell Telephone Company to give you the finest telephone service in the world.

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In Washington, the Scouts meet Senator Kilgore



Girl Scout Special

by CORNELIA E. GOSKE

IT all started at dawn on a spring Monday. The small, sleeping town of Logan, West Virginia, burst with life as excited parents brought even more excited daughters to the "C & O Girl Scout Special," bound for Richmond, Washington, D.C.; and other history-making shrines. Troop leaders scurried about the platform counting noses, checking lists, and making sure all was starting out well on this first patriots' pilgrimage for girls.

To acquaint young citizens with some of the interesting institutions of their country, the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway Company established tours for students in 1946, and since that time thirteen trips for boys have been conducted. But when Mrs. J. C. Evans of the Logan Girl Scouts asked, "Why not such a tour for teen-age girls?" the railway officials, under the sponsorship of the Logan D.A.R. chapter, promptly set a date in April and invited 225 Girl Scouts to go

along. A notice was sent to all the troops in Logan County, and within a week 225 enthusiastic Girl Scouts had signed up for the trip.

Although they were guests of the C & O, each traveler was asked to pay a token fare of \$10.00 and many of the girls earned the money themselves—by the sale of paper and fat, by baby-sitting, a bazaar, and other projects.

In addition to money raising, of course, there were other preparations for the trip. The troops held discussions of American history and architecture, and of travel manners, and there was the pressing of uniforms, packing of bags, and last-minute loading of cameras.

Once aboard the special train, the Scouts went into the diner and breakfasted on tasty stewed figs, Virginia ham, fresh country eggs, fluffy muffins, and milk. For some of the girls

two hours' steamer ride around Hampton Roads; a visit to Yorktown, last battleground of the American Revolution; and to Jamestown. At Williamsburg the girls took in the fascinating restorations of the capital of the Virginia Colony.

The third day meant Washington—the White House, Lincoln Memorial, Bureau of Printing and Engraving, and the Capitol, where the group was met by Senator Kilgore of their home State. The changing of the guard at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier brought many an awed "Oh!" and "Ah!" Then came Mount Vernon, which several girls loved best of all.

Scouts of Intermediate Troop 16 of Logan worked on their Traveler's badge during the trip, and with the help of C & O workers, fulfilled many requirements. They studied the duties of train personnel, investigated first aid and emergency equipment. A con-



In historic Williamsburg, the sightseers cheerfully submit to punishment in the stocks

this was their first train ride; for many, their first experience of eating in a diner. How much they enjoyed the food on their entire trip was proved by the tremendous amount of it they ate and the frequent cheer of "Two, four, six, eight! What do we appreciate? The diner!"

On the first day, warm and sunny, came the ride through the mountains to the homes of Thomas Jefferson and James Monroe. At Monticello the Scouts collected in orderly groups to go through the mansion. They exclaimed over Jefferson's bed and desk, crowded the souvenir-selling room, and roamed over the sprawling acreage.

At Ash Lawn, Monroe's home, the girls found the boxwood gardens and kitchen cellars impressive. They asked hundreds of questions and seemed truly interested in the history lessons behind the picturesque mansion.

The second day's activities included an overnight stay in a Richmond hotel; a

ductor and dispatcher took them over the engine and showed how a Pullman berth is made up, and they were given a copy of the order under which their special train was traveling. They studied timetables and baggage rules, discovering that seeing-eye dogs are the only animals allowed in coaches.

Before the girls left the train, they were asked to write a note, saying what they liked most about the trip. Many of them wrote that they were most impressed by the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier or by the beauty of Washington. Others spoke of the novelty of staying overnight in a hotel, the softness of the train seats, the fun of the boat trip at Hampton Roads. On the back of a post card one Girl Scout simply wrote "Had a wonderful time. I wish all the Girl Scouts could have gone with us."

She seemed to express the feeling of all the 225 tired but happy travelers.

THE END

Perfect for Picnics

(Continued from page 39)

put in a bottle and cork tightly. This is sauce enough for 6 very large (or 12 small) hamburgers. It is delicious, too, on frankfurters and is sufficient for 12.

When it's time for the eats, cook the hamburgers about 6 inches above hot, glowing coals—not over a blazing fire. Brown on one side, turn, and cook until done to your liking. (For medium rare about 10 minutes in all should be about right.) Brush frequently during the cooking with the barbecue sauce.

CHOCOLATE-COOKY STACKS

If plain packaged cookies aren't festive enough, try this easy dessert, which can be prepared the morning of the picnic.

1/2 cup sugar	24 large chocolate cookies
2 1/2 tablespoons water	1/2 cup shredded coconut
1/2 teaspoon vinegar	1/2 teaspoon vanilla
1 egg white	

Mix the sugar, water, and vinegar in a glass or enamel saucepan; boil to 238° on the candy thermometer, or until the syrup strings when a little is dropped from a spoon. Beat the egg white stiff; gradually add the syrup, beating constantly with the rotary or wheel beater until the frosting holds its shape. Add the vanilla.

Set the oven for moderate (350°). Spread the coconut on a flat pan, such as a cookie sheet, and toast in the oven for 10 minutes, stirring around 2 or 3 times.

Spread frosting on 3 cookies and stack one on top of the other as in the picture, sprinkling the top one with toasted coconut.

Let the stacks stand for 5 or 10 minutes for the frosting to set; then wrap each stack in a square of cellophane, bringing the corners up in the top center and tying with colored yarn or narrow ribbon.

Pack the stacks into the container in which the wafers came, and cover. This makes 8 stacks.

THE END

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ALL OVER THE MAP

HEADLINE
NEWS IN
GIRL SCOUTING



Jimmie Chang, son of the Chinese Consul General, pours tea for his Girl Scout guests

Photograph courtesy of United Service to China

• **As a way of working** a service activity into their mountaineer program, Girl Scout Troop 38 of Glendale, California, has planned an eleven-mile hike up Strawberry Peak—the last half mile of which winds between walls of solid rock. The service part of the plan comes in with this last half mile, which is marked out by arrows painted on the rocks. These guide arrows, almost obliterated from exposure to the weather, will all be repainted by the members of Troop 38 as they go—an interesting and useful project which was arranged through the Forest Service.

• **Folk dancing**, choral and solo singing, and the successful presentation of a play put Troop 2 of the Glenview, Illinois, Girl Scouts in the spotlight recently—and it all came under the heading of good will. Like many others, Troop 2's treasury needed some plumping out; but because the need to tell people about Girl Scouting in their community was even greater, this troop charged no admission, staging their costumed, three-act musical as a contribution to better public understanding of Girl Scouts—who they are and what they do.

• **The Marine Museum** at Mystic, Connecticut, continues to be a center of Girl Scout Mariner activities. Mariner Troop 10, "The Flying Cloud," of Randolph, Massachusetts, has completed an interesting service project. They undertook to repair the old and historically valuable flags that once flew from whaling and cargo ships, and which are now owned by the museum. Five of the members of this troop recently received their ten-year pins—given in recognition of that many years in Scouting.

Of further interest to all Mariners is the publication of the new

Mariner Scout Manual which replaces "Charting the Course of a Girl Scout Mariner Ship," the former handbook for all Mariner Scouts. The new, completely revised manual is now ready and may be ordered through the Girl Scout National Equipment Service, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York. Catalogue number 21-515, 75c.

• **Members of Girl Scout troops** in the New York City area who are working to earn their One World badge are making plans to spend some time at Lake Success, Long Island. Exciting arrangements have been made with members of the United Nations staff there for special programs which will present and interpret to Girl Scouts the workings and aims of the world organization.

United Nations personnel will take entire charge of the instruction program, which will be designed to help with one requirement for earning the badge—a knowledge of how the United Nations functions and how Girl Scouts can further its ideals.

• **Representing** their national organization, members of Girl Scout Troop 3-91, of Manhattan, were guests at a Chinese tea given by United Service to China at their headquarters in New York City recently. The tea, honoring all the Girl Scouts of this country, was a "Thank You" for their contributions to the support of Yu Tsai School in China for above-average Chinese children; and it was followed by an explanation of sixteen dioramas on the work of United Service to China. Serving as host and hostess at the function were Tisa and Jimmie Chang, the seven year old daughter and five year old son of P. H. Chang, Chinese Consul General in New York. Jimmie, in the picture above, is shown "pouring."

• **Reports of successful Clothes for Friendship** collections for children overseas continue to pour in, and we only wish there were space to print all the exciting news. Bridgeport, Connecticut, for one, writes that Girl Scout Troop 151 collected over ten layettes by sending out invitations to a "Stork Shower," which was attended by families and friends who brought the required garments. At the door a 10¢ donation was solicited from each person to cover the parcel charge on the kits, and a program of entertainment for the evening was carried out by the troop. Three Lone Troops in Unionville, Connecticut, report a shipment of twenty-four Clothing Kits to the American Friends Society in Philadelphia. This average of eight kits per troop is an excellent record for a small community, and thanks to co-operation of businessmen, Unionville Girl Scouts expect to send more Clothing Kits soon, as well as cartons of assorted clothing.

Coolidge, Arizona, writes that one troop of Brownies and four Intermediate troops are making home calls to ask for clothing and donations, besides what they expect to contribute themselves. Meeting once a week, these troops make, clean, and remodel garments—some of which are being made from used but strong curtains and sheets. Fulfilling one of the requirements for the Colorcraft badge, they have colored the material, cut the garments, and then stenciled designs on them.

It's reported, too, that more than half the troops in New York City have completed at least one Clothing Kit, and it is expected that before the year is up New York will have reached its goal of two thousand kits. The good news is that in general Girl Scout troops across the country are now pledging themselves to donate at least two Clothes for Friendship Kits for the needy children and teen agers of other lands.

A most encouraging letter has been received from Harold Carson, of the American Friends Service Committee, who is in France. Mr. Carson writes that the distribution of Girl Scout Clothing Kits has started in a small town near Freiburg, in Germany—one of the neediest cities in that area, and one which has received very little aid to date. Mr. Carson was present at the opening of five bales of the kits (approximately fifty) and was impressed with the excellent condition of the garments. Many of them were brand new, and those that were not new had been freshly laundered or cleaned, neatly pressed, and carefully repaired.

• **Twenty safe, sixteen-year-old** Girl Scout automobile drivers are the product of a successful driver-training program recently

ended in Iowa City, Iowa. All of the seriously interested students attended nine organized sessions, which included a movie on safe driving; a talk by a Highway Patrol officer on driving laws; a discussion by a member of the local police force on city driving and first aid; an explanation of different types of vehicle insurance; and two demonstrations in a garage illustrating the dangers of driving without oil and water, and how to keep a car in good driving condition. Students were kept busy outside of regular sessions as well, being required to change a tire, wash a car, keep an expense account on the family car for one month, study bicycle safety, watch for and list traffic violations, look up car insurance companies, and keep a notebook of traffic accidents listed in the newspaper, with probable causes and expense involved. The course wound up with a written test, taken from the State driving code, which was made up of twenty-five questions, many of which stumped the adult drivers who happened to see them listed on a blackboard. The girls who passed it were then eligible for an application from the Court House for permission to learn to drive.

• **Girl Scouts and Boy Scouts** of New York City will star over the air for ten weeks this summer on "Triple B Ranch," the half hour, Saturday morning quiz program of the National Broadcasting Company which has the highest Hooper rating of any Saturday morning program of its kind. Each week a group of eight Scouts—four girls and four boys—will match wits at 9 A.M. Eastern Daylight Time. Requirements for the participants are stiff. They must be able to think fast on their feet, and face a microphone and studio audience without a quail. To make everything perfectly fair, performers on a program are all exactly the same age—one week only twelve-year-olds are chosen; the next week the entire group is thirteen years old, and so on, alternately.

• **Three years of hard work** and fun in Girl Scouting were brought to a climax when eleven members of Troop 16 of Wilmington, North Carolina, attained their Curved Bar rank and were awarded their emblems recently. The eleven girls all began their Scouting careers together, and continued their interests and activities side by side through the three years with an almost perfect troop attendance record.

As you know, the presentation of so many Curved Bars at one ceremony is most exceptional, but equally outstanding is this troop's record of community activity.

THE END



Each month, "All Over the Map" will bring you news of outstanding things being done by Girl Scouts. If your troop has any exciting plans afoot, or has recently undertaken any especially interesting project, write and tell us (send photographs if you have them) so that we can pass the news on in these columns. Reports of unusually successful clothing kit collections for children overseas, with or without photos, are especially welcome.

Girl Scout Troop 2 of Glenview, Illinois, models the costumes they wore in a three-act musical which they staged as their contribution toward promoting Girl Scouting. Admission was free to all



John Kelly



Eleven Girl Scouts of Troop 16, Wilmington, North Carolina, all received Curved Bar rank

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TURNTABLE TIPS



by **CARL BOSLER**

CLAUDE THORNHILL, composer, arranger, and pianist par excellence, has a musical background which is the envy of most of his fellow band leaders. He began his music studies at the age of four, and two years later, at his first recital, was hailed as a prodigy. Not long afterward he formed his first band, an eight-piece affair, which played at church ice-cream socials. "I'm not at all certain about the quality of that youthful music," he said with a grin, "but we sure ate lots of ice cream!"

Claude's professional career began when he was twelve, and within three years he was playing five shows a day in a theater in Terre Haute, his home town—and going to school, too. Later he quit his job and enrolled in the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, then furthered his studies at the famous Curtis Institute, where his arranging talent began to flourish.

From there he went into the practical field, arranging for such musical greats as Bing Crosby, Benny Goodman, and Paul Whiteman; and Maxine Sullivan will always be indebted to him for his arrangement of "Loch Lomond," on which she soared to fame. By 1940 Claude's musical ideas had crystallized and he decided to form his own band. He wrote sixty arrangements which set the now famous Thornhill style, and in a year's time he had one of the top-ranking bands in the country. When war was declared, Claude enlisted in the Navy as an apprentice seaman, but the brass in blue decided he could best serve by making use of his natural talents. He was given a baton and told to take over the Navy's musical group, The Rangers.

"We made two long tours of the Pacific," Claude said. "On our last trip we covered over seventy thousand miles. I think we must have played every island in that big ocean except Japan. But I still love to travel," he went on. "As soon as I got out of the Navy I wangled a car and my wife and I went on a thirteen thousand mile tour—all through the South, California, and Mexico!"

The Thornhill outfit has been selected as "The Band of 1948" by several leading critics. It is a fitting tribute to the thorough musicianship and creative imagination by which Claude has enriched the field of popular music.

RECOMMENDED RECORDS

Popular
What Is This Thing Called Love . . . Hip-Billy Boogie . . . Les Paul . . . Capitol . . . Ingenious improvisation plus fine musicianship make these sides unique in the history of guitar playing. Les plays all the parts, and flashes a technique which is almost unbelievable.

All of Me . . . I Went Down To Virginia . . . Frank Sinatra . . . Columbia . . . A piano with boogie inclinations sets the pace on the first, and Frank comes up with a well-phrased performance. The good-humored tribute to the Old Dominion on the reverse is a bright song of horses, gals, and southern hospitality.

Please Don't Kiss Me . . . April Shower . . . Margaret Whiting . . . Capitol . . . Two poignant ballads, one old, one new, are romantically interpreted in the smooth Whiting manner. Paul Weston's orchestrations lend added color and charm.

Tchaikovsky Melodies . . . Tommy Dorsey . . . Victor Album . . . The subtle Dorsey presentations of the eight themes in this excellent collection are just right for summer dancing. Tommy's velvet-toned trombone portrays the sentimental mood to perfection.

Look Ma, I'm Dancin' . . . Nancy Walker . . . Decca Album . . . Here are the hit tunes from the mad and merry musical comedy from which the set takes its name. With Nancy at the helm, you're assured of a delightful and amusing musical half hour.

Crying For Joy . . . Time And Again . . . Russ Case . . . Victor . . . These clever Case orchestrations combine pungent brassy, rich woodwinds, and shimmering strings in an appealing and tuneful pattern.

Bing Crosby Sings . . . Decca Album . . . This set features the top tunes from six of

the foremost musical shows of recent years, including "Oklahoma," "Carousel," and "Song Of Norway." Bing's singing enhances the popular tunes, but such songs as Grieg's "I Love You" are more effective when sung as art songs, as originally intended.

You Can Do No Wrong . . . Love Of My Life . . . Perry Como . . . Victor . . . The svelte and sophisticated Cole Porter love songs from "The Pirate" are persuasively molded into one of Perry's most satisfying recordings.

Folk Music

American Folk Songs . . . Jo Stafford . . . Capitol Album . . . Not only is Jo outstanding as a singer of popular melodies and humorous hillbilly tunes, but she does equally well in the folk-song idiom. Her interpretation of the poignant "He's Gone Away" is a rare treat, and Paul Weston's arrangement preserves its simplicity and charm. Purists may object to accompaniments by a large orchestra, but this may certainly be considered one of the finest current folk-song releases.

New Trends

Progressive Jazz . . . Stan Kenton . . . Capitol Album . . . Whether you like Kenton's music or not, it must be respected as a genuine attempt to find a new mode of expression in jazz. While some of these numbers are excellent impressionistic studies, it is well to listen with a critical ear, for at the present stage of experimentation, concert jazz is often pretentious, and sometimes the results are just bad concert music. "This Is My Theme," the most interesting number in the set, is a first attempt by a jazz group to combine poetry and music. Though neither the poetry nor the reading of it are outstanding, Kenton presents a worthy idea which merits hearing, and which may have far-reaching effects in the future. More power to Stan and the fine musicians assisting him.

Concert

Brahms: Sonata No. 3 in D Minor for Violin and Piano played by Isaac Stern and Alexander Zakin. Mr. Stern and Mr. Zakin, whose earlier collaboration resulted in the magnificent recording of the Beethoven C Minor Sonata, again combine their talents in a splendid performance. The work is by turns both contemplative and whimsical, and concludes with a Presto which recalls the earlier Brahms in its exuberant, headlong rush (Columbia).

Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 4 in F Minor played by the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy. Despite the oft-leveled criticism that this work is banal, it remains one of the most popular in symphonic literature. Its soaring melodic flights and dramatic mood seem sufficient to sustain its appeal. Mr. Ormandy's reading conveys all the sumptuous color and fervent emotion of the Russian's fiery music (Columbia).

Händel: The Messiah played by the Royal Philharmonic conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham. With this release one of the great achievements in oratorio becomes one of the great achievements in recorded music. It represents what has long been a collectors' dream—an uncut version of the Messiah. Sir Thomas spent many months preparing the work and the result is one of the most rewarding in his brilliant career (Victor).

THE END

Don't Be a Goose

(Continued from page 9)

but she finally promised Hank his date. After all, she was sure Kim wouldn't be asking her, especially now.

She was surprised when the phone rang on Saturday morning to hear Kim's voice saying, "Hi, Beulah-Talullah! How's the doorbell business?"

"Pushing right ahead," she came back quickly. "I hope you aren't planning to try ours—it's out of order."

Kim laughed appreciatively. "Right on the button, aren't you, Miss Barrymore? No, I have another problem right now. I gotta see a man about a dog—no foolin'. Out at the kennels—and our car's laid up. Could you give me a lift?"

Dodie hesitated. Why did he ask her? Why not Joan? Then she remembered that Joan went into the city for a music lesson on Saturdays. Well, she hated to be used, but it might turn out fun.

She picked him up at the bank, as they had arranged, and drove out the pike to Martin's kennels. "What kind of a dog are you getting?" she asked.

"I'm not getting any—just looking," said Kim. He wriggled uncomfortably. "Of course I don't think much of that animal business of Miss Prentiss's, but I thought it might help me to get that Gregory character straight if I looked these dogs over."

"You, too?" Dodie laughed. "But I can tell you right off Gregory's like you. He's a greyhound, smooth and swift as the wind, but a good friend to man."

"What is he to girls?" Kim grinned. But he seemed pleased. "Let's hope they have a greyhound," he added.

They had. Mr. Martin obligingly let the dog out to run, and as Kim watched him loping gracefully over the grass he said, "Maybe I should take ballet lessons!"

But he admitted on the way home that Miss Prentiss had something. "People are like animals. Now you, Dodie, you're a cute little Teddy bear, with big brown eyes and so-o huggable—"

She drew away from his arm. "The rule on this bus is: Don't talk to the driver," she said crisply.

Kim shrugged and was quiet until they reached the railroad station. "You can drop me here," he said. "And thanks a lot. I'll remember you in my will."

Dodie drove off in a tizzy because she had suddenly remembered that Joan's train would arrive in a few moments. She didn't go home, but headed in the opposite direction, toward the country. She'd only been out to the farm once with Hank, but she watched the mailboxes, and when she saw one marked Grisco, turned into the lane.

The place seemed deserted. She knocked on all doors but got no answer. Then she went out to the barn, to peer through the big doorway and call. But all was silent, except for a strange hissing sound like a radiator letting off steam. She looked around and saw a big gray goose stalking toward her menacingly. It was a tremendous thing, with yellow feet and beak.

"Here, goosie, goosie," she called nervously, moving toward it.

The goose took a stand and thrust out its neck in a way that would have been funny if it weren't for the hissing. It raised two

enormous wings experimentally, and Dodie suddenly remembered a story she'd heard of a goose which flapped a dog to death. She was afraid, then, and dashed toward the barn. The goose followed stubbornly, planting one foot in front of the other threateningly, like a villain in a movie.

Dodie began to back, afraid to turn and run. She backed around three sides of the barn, the goose keeping up with her. Then she was at the door again, and still facing the goose, she went backward across the barnyard until she bumped into the car. She groped wildly for the door handle and fell in, banging the door behind her.

It took her a moment to get her breath. Then she looked out. The goose was standing there, its head in the air, with such a surprised, comical look about it, that she burst out laughing.

"You silly, stupid thing," she said, as she drove away. "You could have nipped me just as easy as not. Why didn't you?" Well, she knew now what a goose was like, but she couldn't see how it was going to help much with her part.

NOBODY paid much attention to Dodie at rehearsals. She came in and went out on cue, and her long speech at the end of the play was letter-perfect. But the play wasn't going as it should.

It was slow and soggy. When Kim, who played the young veteran who was stuck with the wrong girl, tried to clown, Miss Prentiss told him sourly that he was the hero, not the comedian. And the girl friend of the heroine, who should have been a delightful nitwit, was only a scared actress. Perhaps that was the whole trouble, Dodie was thinking on the opening night—there was nothing to laugh at in the play.

She watched enviously as the other girls got into their attractive ski costumes for the first act, then pulled on her own drab black uniform and apron, and shook talcum powder on her hair to gray it. Beulah was such a dumb part. If only—then an idea struck her. Geese were stupid, but they were funny, too. If she could just make Beulah funny, it might give the play the pickup it needed.

She tried to talk to Miss Prentiss about it, but that harassed lady was too busy to listen. "I don't care what you do, Dodie. Just get on and off stage on cue, and don't blow up in your lines," she said.

Dodie went back to the dressing room and did a quick change. She discarded the black oxfords for a pair of scuffs she found there, let her apron sag over her stomach, and pulled her cap over one ear, turning Beulah into a tired, sloppy maid. When her cue came she stalked slowly on with the peculiar flat-footed walk of the goose, stretching her neck and thrusting her head forward as her barnyard foe had done.

Joan gaped and forgot her line. Dodie covered it up by pointing to her feet and drawing, "My dogs hurt," as she set the tea tray on the table. It got the first laugh of the show.

From then on Dodie made the most of it. The audience wanted to laugh, so she helped them, flapping the ridiculous slippers, hissing the s in her "Yes, ma'am," and "No, sir." She could hear Hank's hearty guffaw down front every time she did it, and caught Kim's appreciative grin, too. She supposed she might be accused of stealing the show, only there hadn't been anything worth stealing.

(Continued on page 47)



BOOKS

by MARJORIE CINTA

A Wish for Tomorrow. By JEAN DUPONT MILLER. *Dodd, Mead and Company*, \$2.50. *Girl Scout Catalog #23-136*. Remember "Somebody Else—Not Me" in the April AMERICAN GIRL? This story of the Girl Scout International Camp is by the same author, so you know there will be a lot in it of what girls really feel. The background is accurate, for the author put on a Girl Scout uniform and joined in the activities at camp. She has combined the authentic International Girl Scouting material with an interesting story about four girls, of different background, who become fast friends while sharing a tent at this camping adventure, founded on the idea that "Friendship Builds a Better World." Backed by her reporter brother, American Jo Seymour, well-traveled orphan, passes up a gay and luxurious summer at the beach, much to the bewilderment of her wealthy relatives. Another American, Taffy Mott, is thrilled to represent her State, but as she thinks her Midwestern home town about perfect, she hardly expects to learn much from the world outside. Maria Solazar, from the Philippine Republic, hurt by the rudeness of some fellow passengers on the long trip across country, is planning to give up the idea of college in the United States which has meant so much to her and her family. Forthright Kristen Valborg, from Norway, is a little puzzled sometimes by her American companions. Working, learning, laughing, arguing frankly, having fun together, these girls grow to understand themselves and one another in a never-to-be forgotten summer.

Janice, Airline Hostess. By ALICE ROGERS HAGER. *Julian Messner Inc.*, \$2.50. The author of this adventure romance about an overseas-airline hostess is a newspaper woman, and former war correspondent, who has traveled widely and written a good deal about aviation. She knows what goes on behind the scenes in commercial aviation, as well as the habits and customs of the foreign countries into which her characters go. The heroine, Janice Hartley, on terminal leave from her service as a flight evacuation nurse, is given an exciting assignment which takes her around the world. The pilot of the ship is Bill Lansdowne, with whom Janice has shared dangerous wartime missions. In between her work on overseas trips and at home training hostesses for foreign service, Janice has time for fun with Bill, Candy Marsh, an attractive student hostess, and other friends. The girls acquire the knowledge and understanding of other peoples and other countries which make them good citizens of the world, have unusual adventures on various trips, and learn what it means to wait for

news about a lost plane when someone you love is on board. The fact that this book emphasizes color, excitement, and romance, and passes lightly over the difficulties and tiresome details that pop up in any career, makes this pleasant reading.

Dark House on the Moss. By CONSTANCE SAVERY. *Longmans, Green and Co.*, \$2.50. This is a fine mystery for younger readers. The setting is a small English hamlet on the edge of a great black marsh, back in the days of stagecoaches. The characters are real people, loyal and headstrong, who laugh and quarrel, love and hate, and make mistakes as we all do. The Courtenay orphans, arriving to make their home in the somber, half-furnished mansion of their kind, but silent, Uncle Morville, find that he is hated bitterly by his tenants. Strange things take place at midnight in and about the treacherous marsh which is feared by everyone, and the young people are puzzled by replicas of their own home, and the small houses of the hamlet, standing tenantless in the wood. The enmity of the hamlet toward Uncle Morville extends to his gay and cheerful cousins, the Lanthorn family, and the fun and excitement of the mystery is heightened for the young Courtenays by their friendly feud with Will Lanthorn, Morville's implacable foe. The story sweeps on through suspense and adventure until a near tragedy sets things right.

Watch for a Tall White Sail. By MARGARET E. BELL. *William Morrow & Co.*, \$2.50. There is suspense, excitement, and beauty in this delightful story of first love. Older readers will be charmed by its adult style. On a steamer bound for

Alaska in 1887, sixteen year old Florence Monroe, lovely in her first long skirts, roots for a white-sailed sloop as it races the steamer through the dangerous inland pass. Florence is dismayed that her part in her father's new salmon-canning business is to keep house for her brothers at the wild and lonely saltery at Nichols Bay. She is struggling with house-keeping in the wilderness when she first meets the romantic owner of the sloop. Cooking, cleaning, washing under the most primitive conditions for five hungry, hard-working men is no easy task, and she is sometimes weary and discouraged enough for tears. But she enjoys the fun and the beauty of their camping existence, too, and to keep up her brothers' spirits, she jokes about the Monroes against the wilderness. The joke becomes grim reality when, after a series of accidents, she and her twin are stranded through five long, wintry weeks with their supplies almost exhausted. Then, like a trick played on their senses in a dream, the tall white sail appears. The author was brought up in Alaska and knows firsthand the horror and the beauty she describes.

Roommates. By LAURA COOPER RENDINA. *Little Brown & Co.*, \$2.50. Do you like boarding-school stories? This one deals with girls, their parents, and teachers as real people, with natural, human qualities of good and bad. Quiet, introspective Rachele Newman, whose mother has divorced her famous-author father and remarried, and friendly, lively Debbie Jones from a large and loving family, are roommates. Naturally they find it difficult to get along together. The story moves through the studies, sports, plays, fun, and clash of personalities of a boarding school of today. Rachele, from her close association with her father and his friends, is more grown-up in her tastes and ways, and mingles little with the other girls. Debbie's outgoing personality leads her into all the social life and fun of the school, and some pretty serious difficulties, too. Much to Debbie's amazement, her big brother, Phil, and Rachele fall in love. Many factors lead at last to the girls understanding of each other and of the adults in this story of young people as they really are today.

THE END



"I've got to hand it to Patty. She can discuss anything."

Don't Be a Goose

(Continued from page 45)

But now the others began to perk up. The play moved faster. She could see Miss Prentiss' worried face in the wings, waiting for the last scene—the reconciliation between Kim and Joan, which hadn't been too good in rehearsal. Joan was too stiff and self-conscious to make it convincing. The scene needed something.

Dodie, waiting for her cue, drew a deep breath and threw a frightened glance at Miss Prentiss. Then she took the letter from the silver salver which she held and stuck it in the top of her long black stocking before she stalked onstage to interrupt the quarrel between Joan and Kim over the missing letter.

"Jes' a minute, Miss," she said, speaking her lines. "I got somethin' that'll change the face o' things." Then she ad-libbed, "That is, if you'll both turn your backs."

Joan stared, but Kim took her by the arm and turned her around. Dodie, turning her own back on the audience, got the letter out of her stocking. It brought the laugh the scene needed.

From there it was easy. Instead of making an exit, she waited until Kim put an arm around Joan, who was trying to show surprise and the proper penitence for not trusting him, and turned on Beulah.

"Get out," he ad-libbed, too, "and stay out!" Dodie backed out, as if afraid she would miss something, and came back to peep through the door, which diverted the audience and got the last laugh of the show.

Miss Prentiss rushed up to hug her as the curtains closed. "Dodie," she cried, "you did a wonderful job! You simply saved the play with that characterization. I was a stupid goose not to have seen Beulah's possibilities for comedy."

Dodie grinned. "Geese may be stupid, Miss Prentiss," she said happily, "but they're funny, too. You see, I decided that's what Beulah was—a goose."

The whole cast went out to Riverview three nights later, after the final showing. Dodie rode with Hank. It didn't worry her that Joan and Kim were together in the car ahead. Perhaps she could have gone with Kim if she'd wanted to. He'd trailed her for three days, impressed by her new popularity with her fellow students. It was very satisfying—but she'd settled for Hank, who called her Goose Girl and liked her whether she was a popular comedian or just plain Dodie who was always getting into a mess of some kind.

THE END

Be Bright About the Sun

(Continued from page 22)

burn. But your shoulders, your back, the tops of your thighs—they need watching.

Your eyes need watching, too, particularly on the beach, where sand and sea add up to extra glare. Never, never stare straight at the sun, or sit for hours without at least a brimmed beach hat, or better still, sun goggles. Any old sun goggles, incidentally, won't do. They must be ground glass and opti-

cally correct, or they can be more harmful than none at all.

Take care of your hair. It's your prized possession. If you're blond, sun will splash your head with golden lights; or bring out the rich, red tones if your hair is brown. But don't let the beach ruin its satiny smoothness and sheen. When your locks get dunked in salt water, rinse them out as soon as you possibly can under a fresh-water shower. Never let the salt stay in, or your hair will dry sticky, dull, and as coarse as steel wool. And you wouldn't want that, would you?

In fact, you wouldn't want anything but a lovely, light tan (why not be the first in your crowd to keep an even-Steven beige?) with no pain and no penalty. That's what you'll wind up with, we promise, if you're right about, bright about, the two-faced summer sun.

THE END

How's Your Social Security?

(Continued from page 18)

takes practice. So I will build up my poise, just the way some girls whittle down their waistlines—by consistent day-in-day-out exercise. And I'm not going to fool myself any more that my shy, retiring manner seems enchanting and romantic to others, because I know perfectly well that I wouldn't be intrigued or mystified by a girl who never said boo. I am going to accept the fact that shyness (real, clammy-hands-and-cold-shivers shyness—not just a charming modesty) is the same thing as fear, fear of being rebuffed if I make any sort of social advance. And the only way to conquer that fear is to go ahead and make the advances and find that, eleven times out of a dozen, they're not rebuffed. And that the twelfth time doesn't matter in comparison to the fun I get from the others. At least once a day I am going to make a point of exercising my poise—just to keep in practice. I will speak to someone instead of waiting for her to speak to me. Or proffer an invitation—if only for a stroll downtown. Or do somebody an unsolicited favor, or assume some small responsibility or make an intelligent and thoughtful suggestion about something. And what's more I'm going to enjoy it!

Okay, that's the kind of resolution to make and keep if your poise percentage is low. And it's not a bad one to make no matter how well you score, because there's always the possibility of putting a little extra polish on your poise. Remember, though, that a phony, flashy bid for attention is not the same thing as a true desire for friendship, and only the sincere social effort will pay off in genuine ease of manner.

Well, here are the questions. Let's see how you make out. But no matter how you do, don't despair. A little timidity can be a delightful quality and time alone does a lot to diminish diffidence.

1. If you found yourself ensconced at the local coke-counter next to a girl you'd met before but whose name you couldn't recall, would you (a) bury your proboscis in your glass, gulp down your drink, and beat a flustered retreat; (b) treat the gal to a

(Continued on page 48)

Does Your Family Wear Clothes?

"STICK FAST" Name Tapes for labeling garments protect them against loss and settle that familiar argument about "Which-is-Whose" before it starts.

They're new. They're inexpensive. There's no sewing or cementing. But do they stick! And they'll stand lots of washings, too. They're the best yet for camp, school or college. Send post card for a sample.

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MAKE MONEY FAST

Sell Big-Value Christmas Cards

Smartest designs, newest decorations... greatest values. Name-Imprinted Christmas Cards—50 and 25 for \$1. Show 22 different superb Assortments... 21-card Christmas, Religious, Humorous, Everyday, Stationery. Also newest Address and Date Books. Write now for 21-card sample sent on approval and FREE samples.

Phillips Card Co., 970 Hunt St., Newton, Mass.

SUMMER FUN

FOR THE GIRL AT CAMP—A package a week for six weeks will add to camp fun—Price \$3.50.

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NAME TAPES

Washable Name Labels, with your name printed on wash-proof tape in black ink, for camp, school and travel.

WM. HAUSER
791-8th Ave., New York (1), N.Y.

Jokes

TOO FAST

A famous motor-car manufacturer advertised that he had put a car together in seven minutes. The next evening he was called on the phone at dinnertime and asked whether it was true.

"Yes," was the reply. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing, but I think I have the car."

Sent by BARBARA POYDOCK, Salamanca, New York

REALLY HARD

LITTLE JACK (upstairs): Mother, I can't—
MOTHER (interrupting): Jack, never say you can't. Nothing is impossible if you try.

LITTLE JACK: O.K. You come up and put the toothpaste back in the tube.

Sent by JANICE EGELAND, Eatontown, New Jersey

SAD PENNY

BOSS: Well, did you read the letter I sent you?

OFFICE BOY: Yes, sir, I read it inside and outside. On the inside it said, "You are fired," but on the outside it said, "Return in five days," so here I am.

Sent by DOROTHY WEINSTOCK, South Milwaukee, Wisconsin

EFFICIENCY

DORA: I don't see how football players ever get clean.

FLORA: Silly, what do you suppose the scrub teams are for?

Sent by JOAN DINNERSTEIN, Highland Park, New Jersey

ROOM FOR THOUGHT

POLITICAL SPEAKER: I'm pleased to see this dense crowd here tonight.

VOICE FROM THE BACK: Don't be too pleased. We ain't all dense.

Sent by BARBARA PETRY, Crown Point, Indiana

ON THE AISLE

A woman went into a department store and asked: "Where will I find stockings?"

"Aisle C," replied the clerk.

The woman waited ten minutes and then repeated: "Where will I find the stockings?"

"Aisle C," said the clerk again.

"That's what you told me a while ago," snapped the woman, "and you didn't even look. I'll see for myself!"

Sent by DIANNE NYMAH, Ventnor, New Jersey

SEESAW

LADY: Did you see that pile of wood when you came in?

TRAMP: No, I didn't.

LADY: Oh, come now, I saw you see it.

TRAMP: Well, maybe you saw me, see it, but you aren't going to see me saw it.

Sent by BARBARA PALMER, Redondo Beach, California

MODERNIZATION

A lawyer introducing himself to a new client said, "I represent Button, Button, Button, and Button. My name is Zipper—I replaced one of the Buttons."

Sent by KAREN FREDERICK, Newark, New Jersey

ARCTIC STORY

There were three bears, Papa, Mama, and Baby Bear, who sat down on the ice to tell stories to one another. Papa told his tale and Mama told her tale, but when it was Baby Bear's turn, all he could do was sit on the ice and say, "My tail is told."

Sent by LETHA DUKE, Rosemead, California

The American Girl will pay \$1.00 for every joke printed on this page. Send your best jokes to THE AMERICAN GIRL, 135 East 44th St., New York 17, New York. Be sure to include your name, address, and age, and write in ink or on the typewriter.

LIFE WITH LIL

by Merrylen



"No more for me, being in love takes my appetite away!"

How's Your Social Security?

(Continued from page 47)

frosty nod or smile and then clam up; (e) say "Aren't you on the Cushing basketball team that played us last February?" and enter into an animated chat?

2. If the art teacher asked the class for suggestions for the annual block-print exhibit and you did have a pretty sharp idea, would you (a) raise your hand and explain your inspiration with tempered enthusiasm; (b) wait until after class and then murmur your thought, deprecatingly, to the teacher alone; (c) decide that the exhibit could get along without your help and remain silent?

3. Supposing your best friend suggested fixing you up with a pretty smooth date for a dance you'd been hoping some lad would ask you to. Would you (a) tell her you were going to be out of town that week end rather than face the embarrassment of a blind date; (b) accept with pleasure; (c) frankly explain that you'd rather wait and see if you might not get a bid from some one you know better?

4. Let's imagine that a caller of your mother's is sitting in the living room, waiting for your parent to appear. Would you be likely to (a) trot in and talk to her about something she's familiar with and that you would like to learn—if it's only how to make a rolled hem; (b) mutter to yourself that she's not your guest and slip stealthily up to your room; (c) favor her with a formal, unfriendly greeting and find pressing business elsewhere?

5. If you and some other girls were skating at your pet rollerdrome and you encountered that good-looking boy you'd been comparing to Guy Madison all during history class, would you (a) content yourself with pointing him out to your chums, to the accompaniment of a chorus of self-conscious giggles; (b) smile and say hello; (c) demurely decide that, since he hasn't spoken to you, the only ladylike thing is to pretend you haven't seen him?

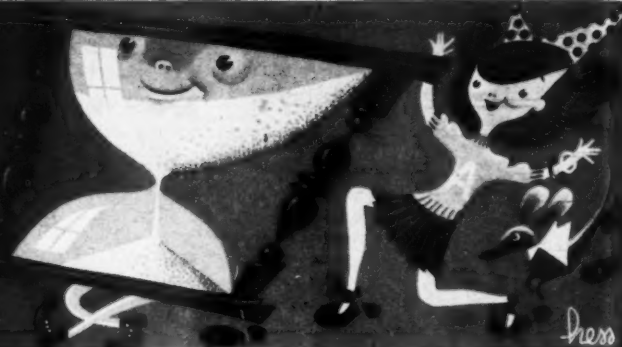
6. Suppose you realized to your amazement that you held the winning card in a flicker-house bingo game. Would your inclination be to (a) keep mum and lose by a default; (b) walk sedately up to the stage and collect your prize; (c) desperately beg your girl friend or beau to be your proxy?

7. If someone nominated you for president of the Hi-School Shutter-Bug Club, would you (a) quickly refuse the nomination on the grounds that you wouldn't have time for the job; (b) resignedly concede that since your friends insist, you will have to run for office; (c) express your sincere gratitude to the gals who backed you, and outline your ambitions and ideas for the next term's projects?

8. Supposing that, in English Lit class, the teacher brought up a subject about which you'd done a raft of reading on your own. Would you (a) be still and feel smug about your superior knowledge; (b) whisper a few nuggets of information to the girl in the next seat; (c) volunteer to tell the class, briefly, about some especially exciting aspect of your research?

9. If the waiter brought you a ham-on-rye when you'd plainly ordered a peanut-butter-

In Step with the Times



by LLOYD WELDON

Cool School

Imagine a school that teaches how to build a snowhouse; how to manage a dog team; how to fish through ice-covered waters; how to rescue men stranded on a glassy sheet of ice! These subjects are now part of the curricula of the United States Air Force training in Alaska where a full-blooded Point Hope Eskimo is teaching them to United States airmen.

The purpose of the training is to give airmen a knowledge of what to do in case a plane should be forced down on snow-covered wastes. Last year two airmen who had not taken the course were frozen to death only five miles from the spot where their B-29 had been forced down. They had not followed the elementary rule of survival in the arctic—stick with your plane. That won't happen again, if the Army can help it.

Each month the Air Force's Arctic Indoctrination School graduates sixty men who are capable of rescue operations with converted bombers and transports, helicopters, gliders, and dog teams. These men learn how to parachute food and medical supplies—even huskies and their sleds—to crash survivors, and to pick the men off the ice fields with a special pickup apparatus.

They learn also to build a snowhouse in one hour, which can be heated to 60° inside when the temperature outside is 70° below zero. They learn to find food in the frozen land and sea, and to make it edible. And best of all, they learn that the unbelievable cold of the North is not to be feared—not when they know how to face it.

"Big Eye"

No longer need a "watcher of the skies" sit up all night with his eye glued to a telescope. Today a camera photographs the stars in their flight and makes a permanent record for astronomers. And in the next few years scientists may learn whether life exists on Mars, and chart the course of billions of new stars.

A major factor in these developments will be the new 200-inch mirror telescope recently dedicated at Palomar Observatory, atop a 5500 foot peak 65 miles from San Diego, California. The dedication of the 60 foot telescope culminated twenty years of work costing \$6,000,000—made possible through a Rockefeller Foundation grant.

Scientists found that quartz could not be molded satisfactorily in such a large mirror, and a special glass similar to Pyrex—the same material used in cooking utensils—was finally

decided upon. The mirror was cast at Corning, New York, in March, 1934. When it was unmolded after it had cooled for several months, it was found to be imperfect, and the following December it was recast.

The new mirror (which looked like a giant waffle, with raised sections on the back to hold it in place) was then bedded in foam rubber and aluminum foil and taken by

they will be able to penetrate four times as far into the universe as has been possible with Mt. Wilson's 100-inch telescope, which permitted scouting of stars 500,000,000 light years away. They say that using the Big Eye on near-by planets would be like using the *Queen Mary* to cross the Hudson River!

Now that the casting, the polishing, and the mounting have been done, the real work of learning more about the universe is beginning.

Spotlight on Hoffman

Every hour a day for the next year, hundreds of thousands of dollars will be spent to get Europe back on its feet—and the man who will okay the checks is Paul G. Hoffman, the newly appointed Economic Cooperation Administrator.

The fifty-six year old "businessman who will administer the Marshall Plan, or European Recovery Program, was in Honolulu on his way home from economic studies of Korea and Japan when President Truman asked him to accept the post. Questioned by newsmen, he said, "I'll have to ask my wife first." He did, and four days later he was sworn into office.

The father of five sons, all of whom served in the last war, and five daughters, Mr. Hoffman is a direct, self-assured man with blue eyes and a benign face. He was born and reared in Chicago, where he began his business life as an automobile salesman at the age of twenty. He used to drive each car slowly through the city until he sold it, then return to the showroom for another.

He interrupted his career to serve as a lieutenant in the field artillery in the first World War, then returned to the automobile business. By 1935 he was president of his company and a leader in national safety movements.

He was one of the first manufacturers to convert to war effort at the start of the second World War. While managing his own company he also headed the Committee for Economic Development, a nonprofit, non-political group organized to study ways of advancing prosperity.

He has taken part in the Marshall Plan since its early beginnings. As a member of the Harriman Committee, Mr. Hoffman helped to determine how the United States could afford to aid Europe, and his testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee was so able that his appointment to administer the huge new program was swiftly approved by the Congress.

THE END

QUICKIE QUIZ

On the Fourth of July we observe one of our greatest holidays, Independence Day. Can you name the countries which mark their liberty on the dates below?

1. July 14, 1789
2. June 15, 1215
3. July 4, 1946
4. August 15, 1947

ANSWERS

1. France: Bastille Day, when France became a limited monarchy.
2. England: Signing of the Magna Charta by King John.
3. Philippines: Independence Day.
4. India: Receiving of dominion status from England.

special train to the California Institute of Technology at Pasadena, where the eleven and a half years polishing process began. The job was done by a grinding machine which, with a man seated at the controls, crawled slowly around the rim of the mirror. As the work neared completion it became nerve-racking, for the thickness of the lens had to be accurate to within 2/1,000,000 of an inch!

Then the mirror was carefully carried in a special truck trailer, with an escort of fifteen motorcycle policemen, the 125 miles to Palomar, where it was mounted.

Palomar Observatory was picked by astronomers after years of survey. The atmosphere there is particularly clear, and the core of the mountain is virgin granite, which absorbs shock, so it is believed earthquakes will not affect the Observatory.

Astronomers will not use the telescope in direct observation, but in photographing the heavens. A camera, set in the opposite end of the telescope from the mirror, is opened every evening and the time carefully checked. Through the night this camera records the movements of the stars, and then is closed in the morning and the time again checked carefully, so that the astronomers have an accurate record to study.

With the new "Big Eye" they believe

Are you in the know?



Would a smart "red head" wear—

- ☐ Pink
- ☐ Orange
- ☐ Cerise

So you're tired of "traditional" colors. You crave a change to—(a-sh!) pink—but you've heard it's taboo for red heads. Well, wear that dreamy pink confection. With beauty experts' blessing! Any pale pink with a subtle gold tone; like a very delicate flesh or coral. It's smart to be sure your choice is right. And for problem days, you're smart to choose exactly the right napkin. Try all 3 sizes of Kotex! Find the one for you.



What's your winning weapon?

- ☐ Sharp chatter
- ☐ Samba know-how
- ☐ That starry-eyed look

Chin music and fancy footwork may be fine. But to set him mooning, try that starry-eyed look. It's accomplished with a colorless brow-and-lash cream that helps condition 'em. Makes lashes seem longer. (Glamour for your lids, as well, if Mom vetoes eye shadow.) To win self-confidence on "those" days, turn to Kotex—for the extra protection of an exclusive safety center. Your secret weapon against secret woes!



If delayed beyond your deadline—

- ☐ Bunk at Katie's house
- ☐ Call the family
- ☐ Head home without 'phoning

H'm . . . later than you thought! Do you cringe before a 'phone booth? Dread waking Dad? Better call the family. (They're probably waiting up for you, anyway.) Telling where you are and when you'll be home will spare them worry; soften their wrath. And think of the worry you can save yourself, at certain times, with Kotex. For who could guess . . . with those flat pressed ends to guard you from tell-tale outlines?



When it's a foursome, what's your policy?

- ☐ Fair play
- ☐ All's fair in love
- ☐ Leave the field to Sue

Ever see green on a double date? Even if he's snareable . . . even if the pressure's terrific . . . don't be a male robber. Play fair. Avoid hurting others. Besides, a halo can be mighty becoming. And when trying days needle you, seek the comforting angel-

softness of new Kotex. The kind of softness that holds its shape—because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. Strictly genius! Did you know? Or have you already discovered this new, softer napkin? (Poise, also, comes in the package labelled Kotex!)



More women choose KOTEX^{*}
than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Which deodorant would you decide on?

- ☐ A cream
- ☐ A powder
- ☐ A liquid

Granted you're in the know about napkins . . . what about deodorants for napkin use? Fact is, while creams and liquids will do for everyday daintiness—yet, for "those" days a powder deodorant's best—sprinkled freely on sanitary napkins. That's because a powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't slow up absorption. And soft, soothing Quest Powder is made especially for napkin use.

Being unscented, Quest Deodorant Powder doesn't just mask odors. Quest destroys them. Safely. Positively. To avoid offending, buy a can of Quest Powder today!



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Ask for it by name

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**RIDE
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STARS**



**"You'll Have a
FABULOUS TIME
WITH A GENUINE**

**Schwinn-Built
BICYCLE!"**

**Says JANIS PAIGE,
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